



THE AMERICAN
LEGION
MAGAZINE
OCTOBER 1943



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Veterans need jobs, our industry needs men. What helps both, helps America. We are proud to have a part in this important program.

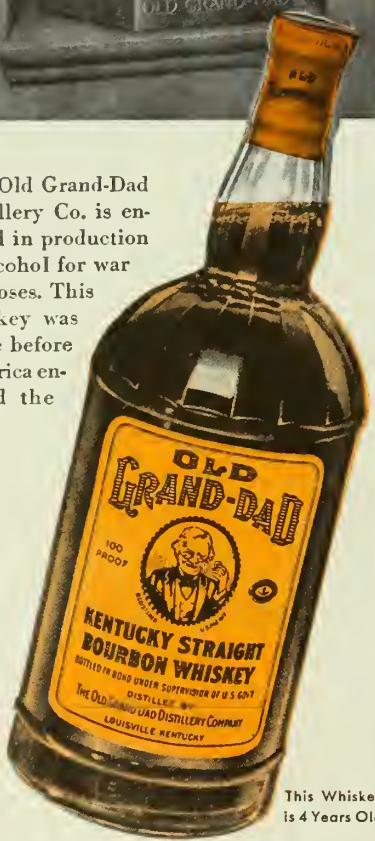
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Designers and builders of the B-25 Mitchell bomber, AT-6 Texan trainer and the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber).

*J*T TAKES but one taste to show why we want to make present stocks of Old Grand-Dad last out the duration. So when your licensed dealer is sold out, remember—his supply is being limited now so that it may be kept continuous. The best way to get fine whiskies you can trust is to call again when his next shipment comes in.



The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey was made before America entered the war.



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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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The Message Center

HERE'S a communication that speaks for itself. It arrived in our office one morning soon after the August issue had reached subscribers:

"Editor, *American Legion Magazine*: I should have said it long ago, so now I'm going to say it while Wally can enjoy it and before I let it slip unsaid down the years. In my opinion Wallgren is the greatest of them all. Quietly and steadily he puts out stuff that rings true and appeals to us all, and is just right. This humor is natural, easy and never exaggerated or fantastic. It is more than just funny or clever. It is we, the Legionnaires, and our life. He is as much an American institution as Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, Ben Franklin, Eddie Guest, James Whitcomb Riley or Mark Twain. With his sly pokes and his sympathetic realism he is head and shoulders above any other cartoonist I know of."

These are the sentiments of 1st Lieutenant Frederic E. Holmes, attached to the Aero Medical Laboratory at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, who in the First World War was a buck private in the Marines. They are also the sentiments of thousands of Legionnaires, we are sure, who have seen Wally's cartoons in this magazine and elsewhere since February,

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You call it Bread . . . your ancestors would have called it Cake

Your daily bread is nutrition in one of its finest and most appetizing forms—and today it saves ration points. We Americans can be grateful that our country produces an abundance of this perfect 'staff of life'.

We can be grateful, too, to science for the greatly improved quality of our daily bread. It has been tremendously enriched. Its texture is finer, its appearance and flavor more inviting.

Did you ever wonder how many millions of pounds of yeast are required each year to leaven the nation's bread? Did you know that yeast must be absolutely fresh when it reaches the baker? Thanks to a network of specialized delivery services plus modern refrigeration, bakers in even remote parts of America get their yeast fresh and on time.

* * *

The Baker's Yeast Division of Anheuser-Busch supplies bakers with yeast for a large part of the nation's bread. Now nearly 15 percent of our entire output goes to the Army. This service to civilian bakers and our armed forces resulted from applying to food the knowledge gained from years of laboratory work in producing the world-famous Budweiser.



In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: B Complex Vitamins • Rubber Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles —to name a few.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S

OCTOBER, 1943

WHEN PURCHASING PRODUCTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

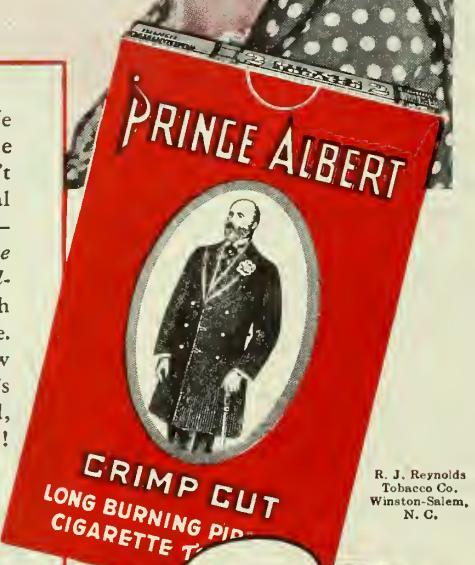
Can a man have "oomph"? — SURE * Pipe Appeal



WHEN the woman in your life gossips admiringly: "And he smokes a pipe, of course!" don't let her down. Guard that personal plus with true PIPE APPEAL—Prince Albert! Pleasing fragrance to keep her smiling. No-bite mildness to keep you smiling. Rich taste, yet so easy on your tongue. Crimp cut to pour, pack, and draw smoothly. Better tobacco—world's largest-selling brand. Logical, isn't it? P. A. for PIPE APPEAL!

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70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert



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BUY
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

THE MESSAGE CENTER

(Continued from page 2)
1918, when the first issue of *The Stars and Stripes* appeared.

IN THE article *We Regret to Inform You . . .* which we carried in our August issue the methods of the War Department in announcing casualties were set forth in some detail. At one point in the article it was stated that with the letter sent by Adjutant General James A. Ullo to the soldier's next of kin a bulletin is enclosed "explaining that, as the beneficiary" the person to whom the letter is addressed "will receive a gratuity amounting to six months' pay and allowances." The *and allowances* is incorrect. Many persons who read the article felt they had failed to get something to which they were entitled, and complained to the War Department. For the mistake and the consequences of the mistake we are exceedingly sorry.

IN THE August issue we carried a four-stanza poem by Comrade James Patrick McGovern of Bethesda-Chevy Chase Post, Department of Maryland, titled *The War Effort*. The third stanza as it appeared in the magazine was a bit garbled, but this is the way in which it actually should have read:

Effort for this war? The martial call
To warriors on land, in sky, on sea,
Fortifying them to give lives—all,
For love of the Nation's reverent memory.

And here's another poem on the war effort from the slant of our all-out production. Titled *The Great Lakes Freighters*, its author is Legionnaire Charles S. Pike of Alger Post of Detroit:

From the mines of the Mesabi to the mills of Buffalo
The ships plough through the waters on even keel and slow;
They are loaded to the scuppers with tons of iron ore
That is needed by the nation for the implements of war;
In their cargoes are torpedoes; there are guns and jeeps and shells;
Bombs there are for dire destruction and creating human hells;
There are submarines more deadly than are stealthy water-snakes—
Aye, Death rides with the cargoes in the Freighters of The Lakes.

Through fog and stormy weather, the ore-boats make their way,
Tossed about by angry lake-winds, coated o'er with icy spray;
Day and night, as into battle, the big brave freighters go,
In their holds the mortal missiles for our haughty, hated foe;
Steaming onward down the lake-lanes they bear the iron ore
From the wilds of icy Northlands to our busy, sandy shore
Where at Ecorse on the river, sturdy men of fervid zeal
Toil unceasingly for freedom rolling out the hardened steel.

From the mines of Minnesota, to the furnaces and mills
Of Ohio and of Pittsburgh, 'mid its smoky, rocky hills,
The ore for war goes forward in huge ever-mounting tons
For planes and tanks and rifles and the anti-aircraft guns;
And as the steel rolls on and on, to our foes we would recall—
"The mills of God grind slowly and the mills of God grind small."
So to the valiant vessels and brave crews that freight the ore
We give a cheer as on they steer with stuff to win this war!

THE EDITORS



The accuracy, greater effectiveness and long range of Western Super-X Silvertip cartridges led to their widespread preference among big game hunters. The unique Silvertip bullet combined delayed expansion with deep penetration. Silvertip cartridges are not used for military purposes.

Now Your Ammunition Is Getting *Bigger* Game

Your favorite Western ammunition—which you have given up so willingly, that the boys at the front might have *enough* and *on time*—helped blast the Japs from Guadalcanal.

This painting, from an actual photograph released through the War Department, shows cases of Western military cartridges at an ammunition dump on Guadalcanal Island. The rifles are the new semi-automatic Garand, the finest infantry arm used by any army in the present war. Western's Winchester division is one of the manufacturers of this ultra-modern weapon.

Here is *part* of your stake in America's great war effort. On many other fronts, too, Western is helping to drive the enemy into submission. Tomorrow, when the world is again ruled by free peoples, Western Super-X and Xpert cartridges and shot shells will go with you into the forests and fields to help you enjoy in full measure the great sport of hunting.



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Powered by Continental Red Seal Engines, these highly maneuverable trainers fly with the steady dependability that inspires confidence in thousands of youngsters streaming through our military schools.



Awarded to the Detroit
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Your Dollars Are Power, Too!
... Buy War Bonds



Legionnaires: "CARRY ON!"



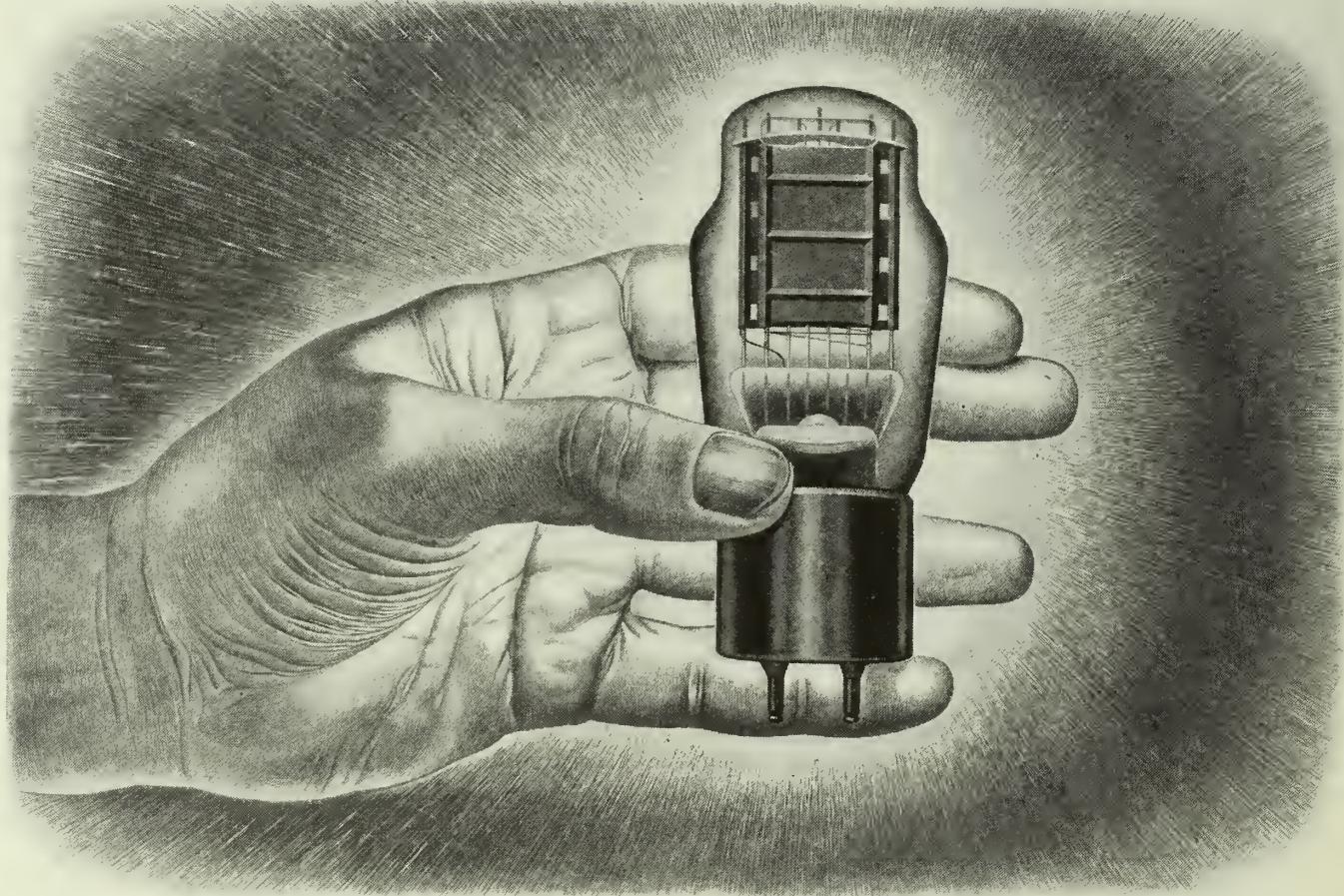
By ROANE WARING

Immediate Past National Commander
The American Legion



BY THE TIME YOU, my comrades in the Legion, read these lines, I will have retired from office and our great organization at its second wartime convention will have set its course for another year of service to God and Country. ★★ The report of my stewardship as National Commander will be found in the Summary of Proceedings of the Omaha National Convention. Many of you will have received the message from me there but it seems fitting that I repeat certain phases of it in this, my last printed message to you as National Commander. ★★ I have been with our fighting men in many of the army camps in this country, and on the African battlefield. I have talked with them in the camps, in hospitals, and at the front. I know how proud they are of their country; of America—the arsenal of the United Nations. I know, too, of their disappointment and anger when too often they hear of the selfishness, the squabbling, and the jockeying for personal advantage which slows down production on the home front while they defy death, to beat and crush a powerful, cunning, and resourceful foe. ★★ They are going to win the victory. They are going to defeat and crush Italy and Germany, and Japan will be destroyed. The initiative is already ours, but total victory is not likely for a long, long time. ★★ In public addresses and in writing I have taken every opportunity to express approval and admiration for America's fighting men. Since my return from Africa, I have said repeatedly, "The American Army of today is the best trained, the best equipped and the best led army America has ever had," and this applies to all of our armed forces. ★★ In their name and by your authority, I have unhesitatingly condemned all selfish actions, all political jockeying which have tended to deprive them of the implements of war. I have challenged all un-American doctrines that jeopardize their right to live in a free democracy when they victoriously return and lay down their arms. ★★ I have the utmost confidence in the ability of our fighting men. Like the well-trained and disciplined soldiers they are, they will fight on to a glorious victory, but I have repeatedly cautioned the American people against indifference to our war effort on the home front. We of the American Legion—and all true American citizens—owe our fighting men every measure of protection we can give them. We must protect them from defeat on the battlefield by supplying them with the ships, the guns, the planes, and the tanks just as fast as it is humanly possible to manufacture these armaments. We must protect them and their future by demanding a peace of absolute victory, ever remembering that a compromise peace would pass a death sentence on their sons. We must protect them by demanding that Congress assert itself and assume its rightful authority as the lawmaking branch of the Federal Government. If bureaucracies continue to be pyramided and continue to make bureau regulations to govern this country, instead of laws passed by Congress, then our Constitution will be ignored and we will have lost the freedom for which they fight. ★★ In short, we on the home front must strive to match the efforts of our fighting men on the battlefield and with this concentration of American might we will speed the final victory. ★★ When peace dawns again we can meet our soldiers, look them in the eye and truthfully say to them, "We too have done our best. We have carried on. We have tried with our every might to match your courage and your patriotism on the battlefield with our zeal and our patriotism on the home front." ★★ And so, I say to you in parting, be vigilant—keep America a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Be generous, buy bonds and give liberally of your time to worthwhile activities. Be patriotic—as good Americans and as good Legionnaires, so conduct yourselves as to set an example for other Americans to follow while our Nation is at war. ★★ Legionnaires: "Carry On!"

"IT OUGHT TO GET A WAR MEDAL"



THIS little tube *can't* help you smell. But it *can* help you talk, see and hear. Right now, it helps direct guns, planes, ships. It ought to get a war medal.

It has given birth to a new art called Electronics.

In 1912 in the Bell Laboratories, Dr. H. D. Arnold made the first effective high-vacuum tube for amplifying electric currents.

Vacuum tubes made possible the first transoceanic telephone talk by the Bell System in 1915.

Vacuum tubes are now used on practically all Long Distance circuits to reinforce the human voice.

That's why you can talk across the continent so easily.

Over 1,250,000 electronic tubes are in service in the Bell System. Bell Laboratories developed them, Western Electric made them.

But both Laboratories and Western Electric are busy now with war—turning out tubes and putting them to work in many a device to find and destroy the enemy on land, in the air, and under the sea.

After the war, this Bell System army of tubes will work in thousands of ways for peace.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





British Official Photograph

Bolté (center) and Cox talk with Brigadier General Raymond E. Lee, United States Army, while in training in England

I DON'T know where this story starts. Maybe with the founding of the 62d Royal American Regiment in 1756, raised in the thin Eastern fringe of American colonies to fight the French and Indians. Maybe in the twisted paths of thought, conviction and impulse that led five American college boys to believe England's fight was America's fight, 'way back in the spring of 1941. Probably the story starts where these two factors joined: that is, when the 62d Royal Americans (now the King's Royal Rifle Corps) decided to renew the old bond with America by getting some potential officers to come to England for training, and when the five of us heard about it, having decided to join the fight the quickest way possible.

The decision took a long time to reach, and each of us reached it a different way, through the dark days of isolationism, through the worse days when we stiffened our backs under the charges of softness and cynicism leveled against us by some of our elders, until we came to a place where we felt

There Were Five of Us

By CHARLES GUY BOLTE

it as America's fight: a war America could lose without fighting, if England fell, and Russia maintained her uncomfortable alliance with Germany. From there it was easy to decide that if America was going to stay reluctant, we had to abdicate temporarily in favor of an army that was fighting; a decision many

In simple soldier language Lieutenant Bolté, a Dartmouth graduate who as a lieutenant in the British service lost a leg at El Alamein, tells the story of himself and four other Yanks who took the King's Shilling

of our contemporaries already had made.

Remember, we were young (18 to 22), comparatively unattached, comparatively well-educated to the forces behind the war, and not immune to the romantic appeal of seeing the world, the fight, and a foreign regiment.

Bob Cox of New York and Windsor, Vermont, a senior at Harvard, first heard about the KRR's plan for young Americans, and from him we heard about it at Dartmouth: Jack Brister of Ambler, Pennsylvania, Bill Durkee of Balboa Island, California, and myself of Greenwich, Connecticut, senior classmates and friends. The fifth was Heyward Cutting of New York and Far Hills, New Jersey, a Harvard sophomore. We asked others, but they had good or bad reasons for not going then, though another eight or nine have gone to England since then. The five of us

left New York on July 10, 1941, for the war—for adventure, for finishing the fight, for a crusade hardly at all, and for death or limps.

Two got death and three got limps. None of us will finish
(Continued on page 29)

The Yanks and the people of Australia are getting along fine now, but at first they didn't even talk the same language. A native of California who married into Western Australia tells you about it

AT THE close of the last war, I married an officer in the Australian Army, and came here to live in a part of Australia rarely mentioned, save with a patronizing smile, by the denizens of Sydney and Melbourne. A few other American women who had arrived under similar circumstances, or had met their Australian husbands while the latter were doing graduate work in American universities, constituted a small group, augmented on occasion by strays such as the chief of the Terrestrial Magnetism Station at Watheroo, and his charming wife, who were not of course permanent residents.

We met on the Fourth of July, ate baked beans and pie à la mode, doughnuts and "Divinity" fudge, sang one another's college songs and grew sentimental as the evening advanced, as do homesick Americans all over the world. One year we actually set off firecrackers to the astonishment of the neighbors, who associate such demonstrations with small boys on the 5th of November, "Guy Fawkes' Day."

Then came the Depression, and I found a gray hair in my head, and somehow that long-promised trip to America hadn't come off. In the early days I used to encounter the old sneer at Americans of "We won the war," but I quickly learned to retort "Too right, we won the war, and a damn good thing for you we did."

Since the Australian, unless he happens to be a social-climbing Anglophile, is very forthright himself, and much prefers plain speaking from other people, we would just shake hands on it and forget it and everything was fine.

I used to go to the movies and watch for places I knew, to be shown on the screen. Once there was a scene in San Francisco Bay and I lost the thread of the story craning my neck to see if it was the *Oakland* or the *Berkeley* the hero crossed on (it was the *Oakland*), and to remember the places where the oil lamps once hung, and the funny fresco around the "inside." My father just about lived on the *Oakland* when he was courting my mother in the Gay Nineties; my earliest recollection in life is of the big golden harp in her orchestra.

Well, things went along quietly, and we drove to the beach and swam in



The way in which he said, "I am a Virginian" showed he was conscious of his heritage

It's Hi, Digger and Hi, Yank

By EVELYN HAVILL SHACKLOCK

the Indian Ocean in January when it was hot, and had our annual Fourth of July party in midwinter when it's generally cold as the devil, though the embers of a roaring fire were always handy for making popcorn, especially grown from seed sent from America, and for toasting marshmallows.

On Sunday evening, the 3d of September, 1939, we were told over the radio that we were at war. This was a three days' wonder and we talked about nothing else. Quite a few boys began asking questions at the recruit-

ing offices, with the idea of going overseas like their fathers before them. Now if you think Idaho, for instance, is a long way from Europe, believe me, Western Australia is heaps further, so in a little while we settled down again to our usual activities and, except for receiving from a soldier I knew a present of a couple of lively French novels bought in Cairo, things were pretty much the same as always.

Then, one Monday morning the butcher's boy arrived all out of breath and said, "Oh, Mrs. Shacklock, the Japs



patriotic pride. I hadn't thought of "Over There"—that grand old song—for more than twenty years. "The Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming," I kept time to it as I walked down the street.

Our little city was bursting with them. Gobs streamed past, and Air Force men, later to be supplemented by the Army, all of them milling up and down Hay Street, swarming into tea rooms looking for ice cream. Local pedestrians jumped nervously as jeeps and trucks, piloted by lads unaccustomed to keeping to the left, swung around the corners of our narrow streets. A dozen American naval officers stood on the steps of the Palace Hotel, cool and smart in their white uniforms, and further along Saint George's Terrace the Stars and Stripes were waving above the Adelphi. Plainly the American invasion was in full swing!

I went in to get a soda, and slipped onto a high stool between two young Air Force boys.

"I want a choc malt," said one, "and I'll have a lemonade," ordered the other. I was eager for an excuse to speak to any one of the thousands around me, and as the girl behind the counter stared at them uncertainly, I found my chance!

"Excuse me for butting in, but you'll have to pick something else. This town has never heard of a choc malt, and what you want," I told the second boy, "isn't lemonade. You want a lemon squash."

"O. K. . . O. K.," he replied, and we fell to talking.

"This is a sleepy town all right!" he said. "Don't you know," pointing to a poster at a newsstand across the street which said in big black type, *Singapore Still Holds Out*, "don't you even know that Singapore has fallen, or is the fact censored?"

"We know it, all right," I answered,

have blown up the whole American Navy!" and I said, "You're crazy; I don't believe it," and he said: "Honest! It came over the air an hour ago."

All the boys and young men who had still been around in the neighborhood disappeared soon after that. The butcher's boy went, too. An ardent Sea Scout, he joined the Navy.

Uncle Sam, I thought loyally, can lick his weight in fighting wildcats, and we've still got Singapore, so nothing much is likely to happen around here. I went on tying up Christmas presents.

The news of the fall of Singapore stunned us. I went into town almost automatically to take a singing lesson on a warm afternoon, and when I reached the highway at the foot of our street there were funny looking vehicles bounding along, such as I had never seen before, and every single one had the letters U.S.A. painted on the back. I got into a trolleybus and it was jam-packed with uniforms, strange uniforms without the stiff collars of 1917—not a doughboy hat among them—but there was no mistaking the grand old sound of American voices. I swelled with

grimly, "but we're short of newspaper print, and can't afford to waste it. That poster's three days old."

On asking them where they came from, they said Rochester, New York, and I told them my father's family had lived there ever since there's been a Rochester, and it turned out they knew my cousins, so I invited them to come and see me. They produced their nicely engraved little visiting cards, and I felt in my bag for mine, which my mother had had done for me at the White House in San Francisco, only of course I didn't have them with me, because nobody in Perth ever uses any.

They weren't able to come to the house, but next morning there was a terrific din overhead, as a plane went prowling around the neighborhood. People rushed out of their houses, thinking it was going to crash. The grocer's boy, watching it, fell off his bicycle. The Wiggins's two doors up feared for their chimney. My husband pounded on the bathroom door and shouted, "Hurry up! Hurry up! Your boy friend's come to call on you!" By the time I was sufficiently presentable to appear in the back yard the plane was just a speck in the distance, and it was too late to wave our frail silk flag, which has only forty-five stars, and which we hang on the chimney breast each Fourth of July.

A few days later the Air Force boys vanished. We heard rumors that the carrier had sailed. Then we heard rumors that there just wasn't any carrier any more. Now all that's left is simply two handsomely engraved visiting cards lying in a drawer in the livingroom desk.

I was going down Jacob's Ladder when I met, going the other way, what was, I think, the youngest and smallest

(Continued on page 47)



"Stick to it!" the old man called. "Ye'll be a jockey yet!"

This Comic-Book Age

By ROBERT FRANCIS



Nick Carter



Liberty Boys



Frank Merriwell



Buffalo Bill



Fred Fearnot

Remember the "dime novel" of your boyhood? It actually cost only a nickel, and it sold by the millions, to the horror of parents and teachers. Today the comic book, favorite fodder of the millions, is under fire in the same manner. Here's its story

MY KIDS won't read anything but those infernal comics!" a friend of mine announced the other day. "There ought to be a law."

I heard something like that a long time ago. Likely you did, too, if you ate up the pages while Frank Merriwell slammed across the winning pitch to Bart Hodge and Inez Burradge applauded coyly from the Fardale Academy stands.

And by what parental dismay were accompanied those scholarly researches into the careers of Fred Fearnot, Jack Harkaway and Buffalo Bill? Fathers roared with disgust at "those confounded Dime Novels" and mothers sighed over the trashy tastes of the new generation. And teachers didn't like any part of it either.

Of course, the "nicer" children's books of that era shared their views. Any student who majored a course in Alger, Oliver Optic, Henty or Stratemeyer will remember that an occasional weaker human vessel in their epics used to drink hard likker and read Dime Novels. They made it pretty clear that a lad who went in for that sort of reading came to no good end. But while their more sonorous periods appeared on much better paper, those old boys managed to pack in as many lurid details as any gaudy-covered thriller presided over by the corner cigar store Indian.

No matter how it was packaged, the preferred literary diet of a studious Victorian childhood was pretty much the same. We grew fat on bloodstains, clanking chains, screams in midnight dark, and shady characters sneering over the sights of forty-fives. The gentlemen who authored those thrillers created a chapter of American folk lore. In spite of all the uproar and alarm, I can't see that they hurt us much.

Now by comics, my friend, who is a newspaper editor, doesn't mean the syndicated strips printed in his paper. He refers to the so-called comic magazines which have assumed the proportions of a major offensive on the juvenile reading habits of the country.

"Comics" is a silly word for them now. The Bam-Pow-Zowie school of the "Funny Paper" recessed long ago in favor of the continuous adventure story. Newspaper strips today are nearly all novelettes told in pictures. The comic magazine, their offspring, is a collection of the same kind of thing, except that all stories are complete episodes in each issue and are gaited strictly to youngster consumption. Actually, they are nothing more or less than the good old Dime Novel, streamlined and juiced up to meet the blood-and-thunder demands of a generation more familiar with a stratosphere plane than a horse car.

So now the comic books come in for a panning like their predecessors, since fathers and mothers discover that it is next to impossible to keep Johnnie's and Susie's noses out of the gayly-tinted pages. They have been labeled "a poisonous mushroom growth," and are charged with corrupting decent reading habits. Their trashy, fantastic plots encourage day-dreaming. They promote race hatred. It all has a familiar ring. And perhaps some of the brickbats are justified.

Jack's beanstalk "mushroom growth" they are, a growth as fantastic. About nine years ago, the Eastern Color Printing Company of Connecticut, which printed colored Sunday comic sections for various newspapers, got the notion of putting old comic releases into book form at about a quarter of their original size. These books were sold to manufacturers for premium and souvenir purposes.

The idea clicked, and a certain, foresighted salesman, M. C. Gaines, figured that if youngsters would buy stuff to get a premium book, they'd pay ten cents for the same thing at the local five-and-dime or newsstand.

(Continued on page 34)



Superman



Wonder Woman



Dr. Midnite



Batman



Green Lantern



Waiting for the day of deliverance, as certain as tomorrow's sun

Johnny Doughboy, Prisoner

By A. D. RATHBONE IV

If Fritzie Deutschland should happen to take Johnny Doughboy as a prisoner of war, Fritzie cannot emulate his militaristic ancestors of the Middle Ages and sell Johnny as a slave. Neither can he put him in a prison ship, a dungeon, or in irons, nor can he hold Johnny for ransom. Those customs went out a long time ago, along with a lot of other distinctly un-nice ideas concerning prisoners of war.

So, if Fritzie does catch Johnny unawares, and Johnny has no choice but to surrender, he immediately becomes a ward of the German government, in which status he will doubtless remain for the duration. In recent warfare only certain

civilian internees and some of the disabled soldiers have figured in any exchange of prisoners. According to the terms of the Geneva Convention, which Germany signed and ratified, Johnny must be "lodged in buildings or in barracks affording all possible guarantees of hygiene and healthfulness." He must be provided with a food ration "equal in quantity and quality to that of troops at base camps." He must be furnished with "a sufficiency of potable water,"

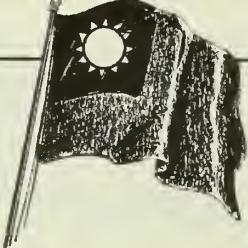
How goes it with that lad who was captured by the Heinies at Kasserine Pass last spring? Does he get enough to eat? Can his folks send him things? Mr. Rathbone's article tells all

Illustrated by HERB STOOPS

and "the use of tobacco shall be permitted."

As a prisoner, he "may be employed in the kitchens" of the prison camp, and Germany, as the detaining power, is faced with the dictum that "clothing, linen, and footwear shall be furnished prisoners of war," and that "replacement and repairing of these effects must be assured regularly." Furthermore, it must be made possible for Johnny to send and receive mail and parcels, "to take physical exercise and enjoy the open air," to be medically inspected "at least once a month," to have free-

(Continued on page 34)



China's Women Fighters

By HAL P. MILLS

CHINESE women and girls are playing an important role in that nation's efforts to throw off the Nipponese yoke. In the Shanghai area alone, since August of 1937, which marked the outbreak of Sino-Japanese hostilities, more than 400 Chinese women have paid with their lives for their patriotism and loyalty.

Consider heroic Miss Soo Fah-Tsze, one-time queen of taxi dancers at Shanghai's Metropole Ballroom. The beautiful Miss Soo, shapely, vivacious and patriotic, had lived in Japan for several years and was familiar with the Japanese language.

In 1937, Miss Soo, who was then 19 years of age, was the favorite taxi dancer at the Metropole Ballroom. Following Japan's cowardly attack upon China in August of that year, wounded Chinese soldiers were taken to Shanghai and lodged in improvised hospitals. Miss

In utter selflessness and devotion to duty Chinese women carry on an unceasing and devastating irregular war upon the enemy, particularly in sections the Japs have occupied. Here's their story

Soo spent hours each day visiting and comforting the wounded and spent virtually all of her earnings for cigarettes, candy and other things for the unfortunate men. In time she became known as the "angel" of the Fu Ta-dah hospital, where she also frequently assisted the nurses, even to scrubbing floors and washing rice bowls.

At that time Shanghai was faced with the serious problem of housing and feeding the hundreds of thousands of Chinese refugees who had sought the safety of the International Settlement and the French Concession. Patriotically, the owners of the Metropole closed the ballroom and converted it into quarters for the housing of refugees.

Miss Soo transferred to the huge Mei Kao May Ballroom, which was largely patronized by Japanese military officers and Chinese in the pay of the Japs. An excellent dancer and conversationalist, she speedily became the favorite of Jap officers, evading their maudlin attempts at pawing and petting to the best of her ability, at the same time encouraging them to talk of the war, thus often obtaining information of value to the Chinese, which she promptly communicated to Lo Shen, a Chinese guerilla chief, or one of his associates.

One October night at the ballroom where she was employed, Miss Soo's entire evening was taken up by a would-be amorous Jap army officer answering to the name of Major Shirada. Heavy drinking loosened the major's tongue. He warned Miss Soo to remain away from the Chinese Great Eastern Hotel

or its vicinity on the following evening. Pressed for further information, the major stated that the Japanese military, in defiance of the International Settlement police, would raid the hotel for the purpose of rounding up a guerilla band suspected of making the hotel its headquarters.

Miss Soo lost no time in contacting the guerilla leader, Lo Shen, the result being that when Jap soldiers, armed to the teeth, swooped down on the hotel, the birds had flown.

Major Shirada was furious, but although he strongly suspected Miss Soo of warning the guerillas, he dared not arrest and charge her, because of his own indiscretion. However, he repaired to the Mei Kao May that night, danced with Miss Soo, drank heavily and finally created an uproar, accusing her of having stolen his wallet.

Other Japanese officers gathered around the two and the enraged major, supposedly an officer and a gentleman, slapped and brutally kicked the girl, then dragged her across the dance floor by her hair. Two indignant Australian civilians managed to rescue the injured taxi dancer, but at great risk to themselves.

Miss Soo was taken to the Chinese Red Cross Hospital, and the major ordered the Association of Cabaret and Ballroom Owners to put her name on the black list. This was done—the owners dared not do otherwise, but they did raise a substantial fund for the patriotic girl.

Thus the "gallant" major dug his own grave. Miss Soo borrowed a pistol from a guerilla, then sent a contrite note to the major, asking forgiveness and requesting that he call at her home on the night of October 24th. Obviously the major had not forgotten the physical charms of the girl, for he appeared at her home at the suggested time, but in accordance with ever-present Japanese suspicion, brought along two soldiers as bodyguards.

An amah (Chinese female servant) admitted the trio and as the major and soldiers ascended the stairs to the girl's room, pistol shots rang out and the major fell, mortally wounded. The two soldiers also were wounded, but not fatally. Miss Soo then ran to her room and shot herself, dying almost immediately, rather than face torture and death at the hands of the Japs. The Jap military barricaded the entire area and for weeks would not permit any foreigners or Chinese to pass in or out. When the barriers finally were removed, hundreds of persons, including two Filipino musicians, were nearing starvation.



The Jap guard bayoneted her wrists when the pain of the wire caused her to move her hands slightly



In his rage the Jap major brutally kicked the girl, then dragged her across the dance hall by the hair

Prior to Pearl Harbor, Shanghai had more than 3,000 Chinese taxi dancers, of whom more than half had promptly engaged in various types of war work, principally hospital and Red Cross activities.

The Japs suspect that the remaining taxi dancers donate generously to Chinese war relief funds, but they are unable to prove it, although many of the girls have been arrested and closely questioned, even confined for weeks at a time.

Contrary to belief in some quarters, the Japanese are fond of boasting, particularly officers in their cups and much highly-valuable military information has been obtained by the lowly taxi dancers, for the benefit of their country.

In Shanghai, as well as other cities of occupied China, thousands of women are regularly engaged in the task of preparing bandages and dressings for wounded Chinese soldiers. The Chinese have their own methods of smuggling the articles into Free China, despite Jap vigilance.

When the Japs jubilantly captured the noted, much-feared guerilla chief, Liang King-fu, slayer of scores of Japs and leader of a daring, fearless band,

they discovered to their amazement and loss of face that Liang was a woman. Chinese say that Liang, mother of five sons, two of them in the Chinese army, was strangled to death in Chapei by the Japs on Christmas Day of 1940. It was she who plotted the destruction of the heavily-barricaded Japanese Naval Landing Party Headquarters at Shanghai, a plot frustrated by a traitorous Chinese, but which otherwise would have been successful—in fact, three powerful time bombs were actually planted within the structure itself.

The Japs' impudent, arrogant Victory Parade through the heart of the International Settlement in 1937 cost the life of Mrs. Liang's youngest son. As the Jap soldiers marched along Nanking Road, near the great Wing On Department Store, her 17-year-old son threw hand grenades which wounded eleven Japs. A Chinese constable of the settlement shot and killed young Liang as he attempted to flee.

China probably has more feminine irregular soldiers, fighting side by side with venturesome male guerillas than any other army in the world. For the greater part these female irregulars are

Illustrated by WALTER HERRINGTON

wives or relatives of farmers, although many other callings are represented, including a considerable number of former college students, some of whom were famous as athletes. The latter have proved excellent fighting material and first-class marksmen.

It is not unusual for the wife of a farmer irregular to fill in for her husband in case the latter is killed or captured. An example: In and near the little village of Wah Po, about 56 miles from Shanghai, a district where guerillas had been particularly active, Japs rounded up all able-bodied men, forced them to dig a long trench, then shot and killed them, burying the bodies in the trench.

To the utter amazement of the Nips, their small garrison at Wah Po was attacked and exterminated that same night. Female irregulars had taken up where the men left off. During the following week the garrisons of three other small villages were wiped out and in desperation the Japs sent word to Shanghai for reinforcements. More than 1,000 fresh Jap soldiers were sent to the area, their first act being to com—
(Continued on page 44)



Losing Team

By FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

Illustrated by GEORGE GIGUERE

IF THIS had been football I'd have felt swell—and a hell of a lot more confident—with my old coach *Cruncher* Morgan running the show. But this was war, the Japs were landing in droves, and Colonel *Cruncher* Morgan commanded the American forces. You could tell that the enlisted men, the non-coms, as well as we young officers wondered how *Cruncher* rated a colonel's eagles. All of us knew him as one of the West Coast's best coaches, and a Rose Bowl winner, but that didn't qualify him to win a Kurile island from the Japs. Not for my dough.

Three or four dozen of us—young

officers and non-coms—knew why we were out here. We had played football with and against each other in the fall and spent our vacations in the Aleutian Islands, fishing, trading or surveying. We knew how to take care of ourselves, and our men, in the vile Aleutian weather. The Kurile islands are actually an extension of the Aleutian chain. The chain forms stepping stones of the Seattle-Tokyo Highway which the American forces are readying for a lot of west-bound traffic.

It was logical that the brass hats assign us to this particular outfit. Besides knowing the country, we knew each

other. Some of us in the heat of gridiron battle had called each other so-and-so's, and traded a punch or two when the officials weren't looking. If a guy will stand up and trade punches with you, you know he's dependable when you're shoulder to shoulder against a common foe. None of this explained *Cruncher* Morgan.

Steve Ladd squirmed through the tundra to my side. "My God, Mike," he growled, "why doesn't that *coach* of yours give the order to fire? When those yellow apes started landing we out-

(Continued on page 30)

WAFFS

Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron

Their is the mon-sized job of ferrying war planes from factories to air-bases for Uncle Sam. Expert flyers, each and every one . . . THEY ARE THE BEST.



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It's CHESTERFIELD

**GOOD TOBACCO, YES . . . THE RIGHT COMBINATION
OF THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE TOBACCO**

It is not enough to buy the best cigarette tobacco, it's Chesterfield's right combination, or blend, of these tobaccos that makes them so much milder, cooler and definitely better-tasting.

**Good Tobacco, yes . . . but the Blend —
the Right Combination — that's the thing.**



**SMOKE CHESTERFIELDS AND FIND OUT
HOW REALLY GOOD A CIGARETTE CAN BE**

A MESSAGE FOR THOSE ENTITLED TO BUY "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

The W.P.B. has tried to protect your needed equipment - have you?

THE WAR PRODUCTION BOARD has limited the sale of all-winter anti-freezes. This means that "Prestone" anti-freeze, the world's finest, is no longer available for use in passenger cars, station wagons or taxis.

The purpose was to reserve the remaining supply to protect the tools needed for America's wartime production and commercial transportation.

To you who are eligible for "Prestone" anti-freeze we say:

The W. P. B. has acted to protect your equipment. Have you?

In time of war, supplies of anything are unpredictable. No better way of assuring yourself of this vital winter protection than by laying in your next winter's supply right now!

WHO CAN BUY "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

Under the W.P.B. Limitation Order you are entitled to buy "Prestone" anti-freeze for use in essential equipment as listed below:

TRUCKS • BUSES • TRACTORS • SNOW PLOWS • DELIVERY CARS
STATIONARY ENGINES • GASOLINE SHOVELS • AIR COMPRESSORS
BULLDOZERS • ETC.

Just as this advertisement went to press, the War Production Board relaxed its restriction order. Now anyone may buy "Prestone" anti-freeze who lives in: Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming and Alaska.

Flash!

CAN'T EVAPORATE OR BOIL AWAY

PROTECTS AGAINST RUST AND CORROSION

ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER—YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

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SAME AS
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PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE-MARK

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

DOWN UNDER

JAPRATS ARE NOT THE ONLY "BEASTIES" OUR FIGHTING MEN HAVE TO CONTEND WITH IN THE WILDS, AND JUNGLES,



WE USED TO COMPLAIN ABOUT COOTIES JUST



(Y'KNOW WHAT "HEAD" MEANS IN THE NAVY?)



IMAGINE BEING WRAPPED IN SLEMBER- AND WAKING UP WRAPPED IN SNAKE



WHEN THREE'S A CROWD



THE PARROTS APE THEM TOO -



AND SPEAKING OF MASCOTS - (BROAD BILL PLATYPUS) THINK OF THE VARIETY THEY'LL BE BRINGING BACK WITH THEM.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT A FORAGING PARTY WILL BRING IN



An evacuee family in its barracks apartment at the Tulelake Relocation Center in California

NOBODY seems to know what's become of many of the Japanese internees released from War Relocation Centers to accept civilian jobs they later deserted, without leaving any forwarding addresses. Most amazing is that the War Relocation Authority is wholly unconcerned, and admittedly doesn't intend to do anything about it. Rather, says the WRA, the program of releasing evacuees will be stepped up, in line with a policy of relocating as many of these people as possible. "It's the social thing to do."

At this writing, a report from the WRA shows that of the 112,098 residents of the ten relocation centers, 15,861 are absent as follows: seasonal, 5,946; short-term, 566; indefinite, 9,359. It is largely from the "indefinite" classification that the disappearances have occurred. This is the group permitted to leave the centers for placement in jobs offered through WRA employment offices in Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas

Host to the Japs

What it's like in one of Uncle Sam's Relocation Centers

By LEO A. McCCLATCHY

City and elsewhere. The WRA is authority for the statement that many of the colonists who accepted these jobs, disappeared shortly after they arrived at the places of work, and have not since been heard from, officially. Where they are or what they may be doing is not known to the WRA, and so far as could be learned no check is being made by any agency of the Government.

At first, it was said by the WRA that these releases were made only after the record of each individual had been cleared through the FBI. This statement appeared to have been made in error, for the FBI later said they had not been asked to make any check, and had not made any. The WRA then said it had reported erroneously; no check had been made by the FBI.

The West Coast, from where these Nipponees were evacuated by the Western Defense Command of the Army, and turned over to what Dies Committee members have since branded as "coddling" by the "stupid" and "inefficient" WRA, has become a bit jittery over this situation. There is fear that some of these liberated Nips may return, to plot and carry out sabotage and other fifth-column activities. The Westerners, through their congressional representatives, are demanding that all of the former colonists be rounded up and returned to the Relocation Centers and

In the June issue we carried an article by Dr. Frederick G. Murray titled *Japs in Our Yard* which advocated settling on islands of the Pacific, Japanese who have been living in this country. There was one reservation. Said Dr. Murray, "Naturally, a man of Japanese ancestry who has served the United States as a member of the uniformed services in this war or in the First World War should be allowed to live where he wishes." Legionnaire Murray's article carried the sub-title "One approach to a difficult after-the-war problem." We have selected the following letter by Legionnaire Claude Settles, a Californian who has left his college teaching job to serve with the American Red Cross, as typical of many that we have received protesting against Dr. Murray's statements, and publish it alongside Mr. McClatchy's article as "another approach."

ALEXANDER GARDINER, Editor

kept there for the duration. Further, they are insisting that complete administration of these centers be taken over by the Army, and that the WRA itself be evacuated and dispersed.

First intimation that all was not well in the war relocation centers came from The American Legion's Department of California, whose investigating committee issued a sizzling report about conditions it described as existing in the Manzanar and Tulelake centers. Here, it was charged, there was an "overwhelming pampering" of evacuees, many of whom were openly subversive; liberty was pretty much unrestricted, and the colonists were able to purchase through their self-operated coöperative stores many items of merchandise no longer available to the civilian population. This report was given official state sanction when it was adopted by an investigating committee of the California Legislature. It recommended that:

1. An appropriate course in Americanism be established, and that all adult evacuees be compelled to attend.

2. The English language be taught to all adult evacuees unable to speak English.

3. Some effort be made to segregate subversive from loyal evacuees.

4. Administration of all Relocation Centers be vested in the United States Army.

This report prompted the more extensive Dies Committee investigation, resulting in the official spadling up of huge hoards of rationed food—including choice cuts of beef unavailable in civilian markets—for serving at evacuee meal tables. Most astonishing in the Dies Committee jackpot was the reve-

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OUR NEIGHBORS:

"The Japs in our Yard"

BY CLAUDE N. SETTLES

To the Editor of *The American Legion Magazine*:

I WRITE this as a veteran of World War I, as a member of The American Legion, and as a direct descendant of men who fought loyally in Revolutionary days for principles which our magazine seems at times to have abandoned.

When I first read the article *Japs in Our Yard* in the June issue of our magazine I was exasperated that such rank misrepresentations of fact could be allowed to go uncontested. Then I learned of the strong language with which the District Meeting of the Legion in Farnsworth, Minnesota had condemned the article and I felt better.

I felt still better when I learned first hand the way in which the Dies Committee at the end of one week closed up a scheduled three-week investigation of the conduct of the Relocation Centers and decided that the wild stories about cached food stores, refusal of the WRA to call in the Army to suppress

rioting, the sanctioning of Shinto lectures in the camps, the disloyalty of the members of the Japanese American Citizens League, and dozens of other charges blatantly made in the press were largely fabrications, political chaff to blow in the eyes of voters who were seeing too much.

The Dies Committee charges were part and parcel of the same weird tales found in *Japs in Our Yard*. These people settled only in strategic areas, we were told. But when we investigate we find that they, for the most part, bought where lands were cheap—long before the areas became strategic.

We are told they "breed like flies"—but their birth rate is less than that of the native whites, if we can believe House Report 2124.

We are told that all States should deny these exiled citizens the right to settle within their boundaries. Instead, it is implied we should take a minority group which has proved itself the most self-sufficient, the least inclined to crime,

(Continued on page 51)



Members of a camp fire department go through a practice routine in near-zero weather



Opening night at the Service Men's Dormitory established and operated by Arthur L. Peterson Post at Long Beach, California. Service men are registering for beds for the night

Bunks for G. I.'s

SOME thousands of American Legion Posts have won a place in the hearts of service men because of timely and unselfish acts and programs. Hundreds of Posts have established service centers where the men gather for rest and recreation. Still hundreds of others have broadened the service center idea to include sleeping rooms, bath facilities and other comforts for the transients traveling under orders and for those on furlough.

Housing has become something of a problem, even in the larger cities. Rooms for the night cannot always be had at hotels near the railway and bus stations. Then there are the boys who are caught a bit short in the pocketbook. All of these things add up to make a pretty problem, particularly in the terminal centers and in towns where a large number of soldiers, sailors and Marines congregate to spend their limited days of freedom from a rigorous training schedule.

Legion men have a lively recollection of their experiences a quarter of a century ago when boxcar transportation

and a hasty wash-up at a watering trough were accepted as things to be expected, but not always philosophically. "C'est la guerre!" did not always completely satisfy the soldier who hankered for a bed, clean sheets, and a warm shower after a hard day of drill or travel. So, it is easy to understand why Legionnaires were quick to interest themselves in housing, and to see to it that proper facilities were made available.

"One of the most serious conditions faced by Long Beach, California, was the shortage in accommodations for service men on furlough or leave," writes Legionnaire Hugo Evon Frey, whose name is known as a contributor to national magazines. "Hundreds of men were compelled to sleep in hotel lobbies, on park benches and even on cots in police headquarters. Week-ends, especially, would find hundreds of service men in crowded, unsanitary and very uncomfortable quarters.

"Arthur L. Peterson Post of the Legion took cognizance of the condition and appointed a committee to investi-

gate and report on the problem. The committee, with true Legion initiative, made its investigation and at the very next meeting, one week later, made a very comprehensive report. In addition, the committee reported a plan to ameliorate, if not cure, the condition. 'Beds for Buddies' was the plan recommended, for which quarters had been found and a scheme for getting the means to provide the necessary furnishings had been formulated.

"The Long Beach City Council was asked to provide cots, mattresses, blankets, sheets and pillows, and the Council, knowing the situation from first-hand reports, met the Post's recommenda-





tion with instant approval and some 200 cots. The quarters recommended were located on the second floor of a downtown business building, near the railroad and bus terminals. Volunteers from the Post cleaned up the place, scrubbing and painting until everything was ready for an admiral's or a general's inspection. Showers, wash basins, latrines and toilets were installed and, to make the men feel at home, such signs as 'latrine' and 'heads' were displayed conspicuously. To add further to the homelike atmosphere, souvenirs and decorations were scattered about.

"A balcony runs along the entire front, overlooking Ocean Avenue. This space has been made use of by fitting it up as a general lounge room, with reading matter and writing facilities, and as a place where guests can be received.

"Entrance to the place is easy. The rules require that only men in uniform can register, each recording his home town address. Registration completed, each man is given an American Legion Hospitality Card, on one side of which is the bunk assignment. The men are urged to keep these cards and, when showing them to their service comrades, call attention to the Service Men's Dormitory at Long Beach.

"Each man is given clean sheets and pillow covers—and these are laundered after each use. Most of the beds are single bunks, with good mattresses and springs, but some are of the 'two-story' kind. Usually when two boys come in



Seat of command in the brand new home of Harry Coppendyke Post of Fair Lawn, New Jersey—a \$10,000 home built by a 78-member unit

together and are assigned to the double bunks they laughingly toss a coin to determine who is to sleep on the top deck.

"The place is always crowded. It is a real service to the service men and is just one example of what is being done and what can be accomplished. The appreciation of the men in uniform today will be remembered when they, too, return to civil life."

The Long Beach plan, which falls into the general pattern with modifications to suit local conditions, has been very successful. Other Posts are doing a similar work, and still others have projects on foot either to establish dormitories or to expand their service center programs.

It is worth while; a bath and clean sheets does a lot to lift the morale of any man.

House and Home

IT IS an easy jump from the Long Beach dormitory to some of the new Legion homes in different parts of the country. Legion Posts, most of them, are house- and home-minded and even in this day of stress and trouble, home-building goes on. Many Posts have deferred building projects to invest their savings in War Bonds; others have carried out the building plan with the thought of fitting the new home into some practical purpose in the national war effort—community center, coördination point—for various community boards and committees, and whatnot.

Harry Coppendyke Post of Fair Lawn, New Jersey, has completed a ten-thousand-dollar home, a neat structure with ample space to serve its 78 members, and to carry on a broad program of community enterprises. This clubhouse has an unusual history. At 11 A. M., on December 7, 1941, members of the Post and interested friends gathered to break ground for the new building; just a couple of hours later the radio flashed the news of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. So Harry Coppendyke Post's home and the current war were initiated at almost the same hour.

The building project was carried through to completion under the direction of a committee composed of David T. Probert, Chairman;



Allen County Post of Scottsville, Kentucky, bought a nice club home a short distance out of town and celebrated the event with an old-fashioned picnic





Members of the Albion (Michigan) Post and Unit watched Commander Ralph Wilkinson and Mrs. Willard Reiser, Unit President, burn the mortgage

Adam Weilhower, John Doran, Ernest Burke, and John Coudert. Arthur Haeichen was the architect. Six of the 78 members of the Post are back in uniform, and 27 sons of Post members are serving with them.

Scottsville, Kentucky, got into the news a few weeks ago as the evacuation center for the killed and injured in a major plane crash. Scottsville is also the home of Allen County Post, an up-and-coming unit of the Bluegrass State Legion, which has acquired a nice club property located on the Glasgow Highway, about one mile from the city. The home was dedicated on Sunday, July 4th, when an old-fashioned picnic was held, with guests coming from a considerable distance. Commander Elvis G. Cole presided; Colonel Charles M. Carter made the address of welcome, and the principal speakers were W. D. Gilliam, Chairman of the Local Draft Board, and Judge N. F. Harper, Chairman of the Draft Board during the First World War. "The new home will be ready for the veterans of World War II when they return," said Commander Cole.

Pride and joy of Harlingen (Texas) Post is its newly completed home, built to care for the needs of the present membership and for an expanded Post when this war is over. The building is finished throughout with knotty white pine, and the main auditorium, 60 by

35 feet, seats 200 people. The kitchen, point of interest for Legionnaires, is large and roomy, with plenty of cabinet space conveniently arranged.

Harlingen is located in Cameron County, the extreme southwestern county of Texas, bordering on the Rio Grande and the Gulf of Mexico, and only a few miles from Brownsville. "Three years ago," says Dr. D. C. Rose, Post Commander, "I suggested in a



regular meeting that the Post sponsor and build a swimming pool for our city. I was Post Adjutant when the swimming pool was completed, and I had the honor to sign the contract and see the new home through to completion and dedication."

It is quite a distance from Harlingen, Texas, to Oakville, Washington, where William T. Hyder Post has recently dedicated a new home to replace the quarters that went up in smoke on the night of November 9, 1939. After meeting for a year in a grade school gym, Post members got the urge for



Harlingen (Texas) Post has just dedicated its new home (top). At right, the new home of William T. Hyder Post at Oakville, Wash., built by Post members



better (not bigger) quarters, says Past Commander G. A. Amidon, who is also a Past Commander of Philip Wade Post of Brighton, Colorado.

"After moving a building from the site selected," says our reporter, "the battle was on. One Legionnaire donated some trees for lumber; another, who was in the logging business, trucked the logs in; another sawed them at his sawmill, and a member in the shingle business sawed out the shingles.

"Saturdays, Sundays and many other days and evenings found other Post members on the building job. We've got a new home and had a lot of fun building it, along with many Monday-morning backaches. Our Post was host to the Tenth District Conference in 1942, and in that year made 220 percent of our membership quota, and we came back to grab the highest percentage over quota in the Tenth District again this year. These are a few things 'that fire' did for us."

Out of Debt

BUILDING a new home is one thing and paying for the completed building is another, but during the past month, while the reports of new homes were accumulating, the Stepkeeper had also reports of incendiary parties when Posts, celebrating release from debt on their club houses, burned the old mortgages.

Albion (Michigan) Post and Auxiliary held an informal meeting when Mrs. Willard Reiser, Unit President, applied a match to the paid-off mortgage while it was held by Post Commander Ralph Wilkinson. The document represented an indebtedness of \$1,750 made out in 1925, and considerably over \$1,000 in interest had been paid on it during the 18 years it ran. The indebtedness was reduced to \$800, where it stuck "in suspension" during the depression years. It was not until the depression was definitely over that payments were resumed and in a final effort, the work of a committee under Howell Van Gordon, sufficient cash was mustered to discharge the debt.

Purchased six years ago at a cost of \$10,000, Joseph Baker Post of Toledo, Ohio, has finally discharged its debt and celebrated the event by burning the mortgage. But while making payments on the splendid clubhouse, a remodeling job was undertaken, completed and paid for—all done by Post members, including a large third-floor room dedicated to the use of the Post-sponsored Boy Scout Troop.

The firebug party was a gala affair, attended by a large number of Legionnaires and Auxiliaries from the Toledo area. The ceremony of reducing the mortgage to ashes was accomplished by District Commander Peter Klipper, Joseph Baker Post member, who held the



document while matches were applied to it by Mrs. Frederick Watts, Department President, and Martin V. Coffey, Department Commander. The Post had 101 members when it moved into its club home six years ago; now it has 333 members, six of whom have seen service in

the current war.

Shown in the picture on this page are, center, Department President Watts and Department Commander Coffey touching matches to the mortgage held by District Commander Peter Klippel. Watching the proceedings, left to right, are William G. Biehler, House Manager; Earl E. Baird, Post Commander; and Samuel Renshaw, Douglas McLain, Frederick Watts, and Edwin J. Tippett, Jr., Editor of the *American Legion Councillor*, all Past Post Commanders.

Van Nuys (California) Post had an old debt of \$1,600 hanging over its home—not such a burden, but the members wanted to clear it up. Legionnaire Sherman E. Weaver proposed that 80 members volunteer the loan of \$20 each, without interest, with the understanding that two notes would be retired each month, the two to be paid to be drawn by lot at a regular meeting.

Eighty of the 200 members of the Post responded to the suggestion, re-



Ohio's Department Commander and Department President apply matches to the mortgage on the home of Joseph Baker Post of Toledo, held by District Commander Klippel

ports Commander Milo Thompson, and the mortgage was paid off. Then the Post held an incendiary party on July 21—one of the quickest on record. Legionnaire A. R. Anderson impregnated the paper with gunpowder and when the match was applied there was a flash—and no more mortgage. The action was too quick for the photographer to get a picture.

Middle East Post

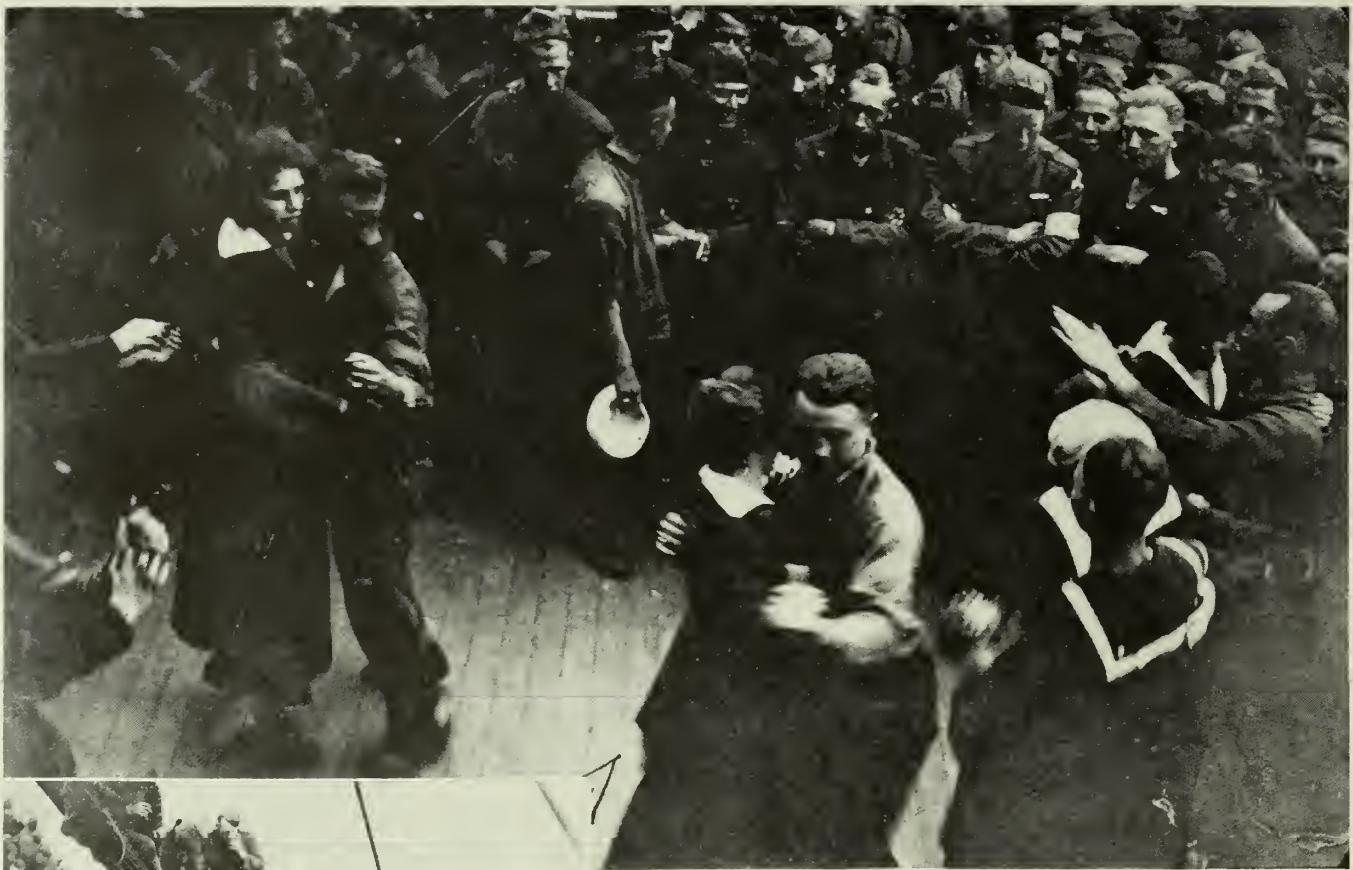
MIDDLE East Post No. 1, The American Legion, is the designa-

tion of an active unit at an unspecified location in Northern Africa, with a membership made up of Douglas Aircraft Company foreign project workers and Army personnel whose active service in the First World War qualifies them for membership. Boasting of an enrolment of more than 300 veterans of the war of twenty-five years ago, the Post is reported to maintain one of the most popular social spots on the Douglas projects.

Among its active personnel who are included in the picture below are, first
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Legionnaires associate themselves together in a Post in Northern Africa—exact location not disclosed—where civilian employees of an aircraft company and members of the Army meet to carry on the common purposes of the organization



Regulations violated? Army nurses dance with doughboys and gobs on the homeward-bound transport *George Washington* in August, 1919. The shot at left shows the super-colossal stag line at the impromptu dance



THE dearth of damsels for men in uniform appears to be one wartime problem that will never be solved. For parties or dances at Service Clubs on posts or stations, at U. S. O. Clubs and at any of the innumerable other places of recreation provided for our soldiers and sailors and marines and coast guardsmen, cities, towns and villages surrounding the posts are scoured for dancing partners who are hauled by truckloads to the festive occasions. But still there are never enough girls to go 'round.

"Wallflowers" during war days can be accounted for only by the fact that they must be the victims in the too-intimate and too-candid strip cartoons that advertise toiletries in most present-day publications. It was true in our war, and now, with the girls in slacks and overalls employed in war plants, whose work prevents them from entertaining the service men, it is even more true in this one.

That bit of preachifying was inspired by the two First World War photographs shown on this page, which were graciously contributed to *Then and Now* by Mrs. Howard S. Bannister, 12237 Washburn, Detroit, Michigan, former Army nurse and now a member of Ragan-Lide Post, with this story:

"I have enclosed two photographs which I obtained in August, 1919, while homeward bound from the A. E. F. aboard the U. S. S. *George Washington*. As you may know, the ban on association of nurses and enlisted men had been lifted. Many of us nurses were lined up along the rail of our deck listening to some Army band playing on the deck below, which was packed with soldiers.

"Some of the soldiers called up and dared us to come down and dance with them. After a few minutes' consideration, we took their dare and were greeted with waves of cheers as we descended the rope ladder—a feat which, I understand, present-day Army nurses take in their stride! According to moving pictures, the girls today are certainly getting training we never thought of.

"Needless to say, when I landed at the foot of that ladder and looked into that sea of faces, my knees were knocking together—perhaps because I was not much of an old seadog—but thank goodness

On with the Dance



the sea was calm that day. Anyhow we danced—and what a 'stag line' we had! Soldiers and gobs, both, were our partners. I am in the center of the larger print, dancing with a soldier—a good likeness of my 'hair-do.' The other print shows the crowded deck, rails, masts—men clinging everywhere.

"I enlisted in the Army Nurse Corps as Clara H. Parker, from Columbus, Nebraska, during January, 1918 and was sent to Camp Shelby in Mississippi—

of Red Cross Volunteer Nurses' Aides in the present war has prevented me from being very active in my Legion Post, although the Legion endorses such work.

"Perhaps some of the boys who returned on the *George Washington* on that trip will remember the festivities pictured and may even discover themselves among the dancers or stag line. Letters from them and from my fellow-nurses who helped entertain the boys will be welcomed by me."

FROM present indications, an inquiry from Legionnaire Simon B. Kleiner, M. D., of 315 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut, may be answered before too long by some of our young fighters who are doing a bang-up job of setting the Axis forces back on their heels in Europe. He wants to know what has happened to a town in France in which he served with the 1st A. E. F. back in 1918; whether the full occupation of that country resulted in the destruction of any of the historic landmarks with which he and thousands of other Americans had become acquainted.



one of the larger camps in the present war. During November, 1918, I was sent with a replacement unit to France. After wading around in the mud at Brest and bathing in an oversized soup bowl for a while, I was assigned to Base Hospital No. 88 at Savenay.

"At that hospital occurred the outstanding event of my army life. One of my patients was Sergeant Howard S. Bannister, Truck Company 8, 23d Engineers, who had misjudged a curve while riding a motorcycle. He was with a detail guarding German prisoners of war. During the year following our return to the States, that sergeant became my husband. He is a member of Twenty-Third Engineers Post of the Legion, while my membership is in Ragan-Lide Post, although at present my work as a teacher

THEN and NOW

His letter came to this department shortly after he had acquired a French postal stamp on which was reproduced one of the noted structures in Beaune, France. We show the stamp that Dr. Kleiner sent to us some months ago, along with two postcard views of the particular structure in which he is interested. All right, Doc, the floor is yours:

"I am enclosing a 15-franc stamp which I recently received that I think will be of great interest to the former members of Base Hospital 47, Base Hospital 61 and other hospitals in Beaune, Côte d'Or, as well as to the many American-soldier students at the A. E. F. University in that town.

"All of the men who were in Beaune will remember the Hôtel-Dieu as the civil hospital which was built in 1443 by Philip the Good. This Duke of Burgundy endowed the hospital by allowing it to take the income from the surrounding vineyards, and many of us remember the colorful Sale of Wine which was held there in October, 1918, and probably continued to be held annually until the



The 15-franc stamp of pre-Nazi days brought forth the pictures of the centuries-old Hôtel-Dieu and its quaint kitchen, known to many hospital corpsmen and ex-A. E. F. University students who were in Beaune, France, during the First World War



Instead of colored cards, gobs in the rooting section of a Boston Navy Yard-Commonwealth Pier football game on Soldier's Field, Harvard, in 1917, used their white caps to spell out NAVY

Nazi occupation of the entire country.

"As a medical officer of Base Hospital 47, I naturally visited the Hôtel-Dieu many times and enjoyed seeing the beautiful paintings, intricate leaded work and quaint old kitchens of the ancient hospital. There was also a modern addition to the hospital with a well-equipped operating room which contrasted greatly with the timbered wards and other relics of the days before America was discovered.

"In addition to the hospital, Beaune had a very interesting wall and moat encircling the old part of the city. It was a real experience for an American soldier to walk around the city on its walls and observe houses actually built on the ramparts. Another interesting landmark, of particular interest to members of the Masonic Order, was the Chapelle des Templiers, where Jacques de Molay, for whom the junior Masonic order is named, presided in the year 1265.

"One of the postcards I am sending along is of the 'Hospices de Beaune,' or Hôtel-Dieu, showing the courtyard fountain; the other, the old kitchen of the Hôtel-Dieu with the large fireplace and turn-spit.

"I am sure that the rest of the



ex-A. E. F.-ers who knew Beaune, as well as I would like to know just what has happened to the town in the Nazi occupation and if any of the landmarks have been disturbed. If any

Base Hospital 47 veterans, or any other Legion readers, have any information about Beaune, letters to me would be appreciated."

EVEN though it's Kick-Off time, the drain of young manpower for the fighting forces has resulted in a far different situation in the field of football. Many universities and colleges have discontinued football for the duration, while others will play greatly-curtailed schedules. But there'll be plenty of football in the various services and plenty of new talent will be developed for after-the-war teams.

Did you ever attend a Naval Academy football game and enjoy the stunts that the midshipmen pull with their colored cards—spelling out greetings, constructing clever designs and what not? Well, even back in '17, the gobs evidently had a knack for that sort of thing, as witness the picture of the rooting section in a Navy game in Harvard Stadium —when, instead of cards, the gobs used their white caps to spell out "Navy."

The picture came to us from ex-gob N. A. McKinnon of H. H. Grave Post of the Legion in Jackson, Mississippi, although his letterhead bore the Army coat-of-arms and "Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi," where McKinnon explained he was stationed as a civilian employee of the U. S. Engineers.

Wish space would permit us to use all of Comrade McKinnon's letter—but here are extracts from it:

"Just happened to run onto the enclosed memento of 1917 which shows a Navy rooting section—and, boy, get a load of that cheer leader in front!"

"The picture was taken at Soldier's Field, Harvard University, and the teams, if I remember correctly, were both Navy teams—one representing the

Boston Navy Yard and the other, Commonwealth Pier in Boston. Both teams featured a lot of college men from Dartmouth, Colgate, Yale and other big-name colleges, including 'Cupid' Black of Yale and Cannell of Dartmouth. As you can see, the cheer leader was a vintage peculiar to that time, as he was more of the shortstop type. The game was good, but the score escapes me.

"The U. S. Navy Radio School, Harvard University, was just nicely underway when sixty sailors from Mare Island, California, arrived and were assigned to the 15th Company. Included among this number was Landsman for Radio Norman A. McKinnon—myself. We had lingered at Dunwoody Institute in Minneapolis for a month for some unknown reason, although while there we did add a little salty flavor to a parade in honor of the Minnesota regiment of the to-be-famous Rainbow Division, and later acted as ushers at one of Gar Wood's first speedboat races on the Mississippi.

"We went to school in Pierce Hall and were quartered in a dormitory, name not remembered, then in Hemingway Gym, and finally Craigie Hall, where we were six to a room. We followed the usual Navy routine, including reveille, calisthenics, drill, school, meals, etc. We had a short intensive course in electricity and wireless telegraphy. The



wireless telephone was still in the experimental stage. . . .

"At the end of four months we were sent out as radio operators 3/c, or better. I was sent to the Listeners' School at New London, Connecticut, and had lots of fun in converted yachts like the *Ouwira* and *Parthena* on the waters of Long Island Sound, listening to the various sounds in our earphones, learning to distinguish the sub from surface vessels. At the end of six weeks I reported aboard the U. S. S. *New Hampshire* as a radio operator, oscillator operator, and listener. This ship was training gunners for the Armed Guard.

"I wonder if any of the old crew of the *New Hampshire* knows the true story of the time we put a shell through a porthole of the *Louisiana*, followed by an attack on our ship by a sub, and our dash behind the nets. If old ship-

(Continued on page 48)

THERE WERE FIVE OF US

(Continued from page 9)

the fight. Of adventure we had pretty good portion. As for the crusade, which we didn't expect it to be, no one will know about that until we see what kind of peace we win after we have won the war.

I'm not laying any bets on it.

We trained for a year in England, and learned to know and love that pleasant land and some of its quiet, shy, sound, courageous people, strange to us and hard to know but once known the most faithful and generous friends. We learned to call the regiment the 60th Rifles and to be proud of its black buttons, quick light-infantry drill, green hats, and tradition of brave fighting from Quebec 1759 to Calais 1940—though we never let on we were proud.

We learned how to stand up straight, how to shoot straight, how to handle rifle, pistol, Bren gun, mortar, 2-pounder, grenade; driving and maintenance of trucks, scout cars, and Bren-gun carriers; wireless; tactics; interior economy and all the problems of training men and looking after them in barracks, in the field, and in battle. We learned to salute with a quivering hand, to say "petrol" for "gas," and "wireless" for "radio," to drive on the left, and to mistrust Americans who talked about the natural superiority of everything American.

We got our commissions in April 1942, all of us proud because Bill Durkee was given the stick as best cadet in the class. After a month with battalions in the field in England we met again for embarkation to the Middle East, and had a long voyage from Glasgow to Suez around the Cape of Good Hope. Rommel was on the way to Alexandria and the delta when we left, but by the time we landed he had been held at Alamein and thrown back in the south when he tried to turn the solid flank resting on the Qattara Depression.

We were split up again in Egypt, Brister and Durkee going to one battalion with a third American, Bill Channing of New York and Harvard '42, who had joined us in England; while Cox, Cutting and I went to another battalion. British regiments don't fight as regiments, but are divided into any number of battalions, which may see service on any front. The battalion the other three joined was in Egypt when the war broke out, and had fought through Wavell's magnificent days and all the marches and counter-marches across Libya. Our battalion had been nine months in the desert, completely reformed after the regular battalion was destroyed in Calais holding up, with a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, two German panzer Divisions trying to trap the B. E. F. as it left the beaches of Dunkirk.

We went into the desert and met the enemy—flies. They rose from the sand

and from the stinking unburied Jerries and Ities, swarmed over us, and drank most of our tea before we could. We found out about the sun, and came to take its blazing heat so much for granted we didn't talk about it any more. Some days we drove across rutted desert tracks with the sand in our eyes so thick we couldn't see ten feet. Other days we drove for miles over unmarked sand and gravel hills, following a careful compass course where no one had been before but Bedouins. The happiest time was a week our battalion spent resting at Burg el Arab, bathing every day in the blue-and-white Mediterranean.

Our first casualty was Jack Brister, blown up on a mine while he was out on patrol probing the quiet Axis lines. He burst an eardrum, and after a while at a base hospital escaped to our regimental depot on the canal. The officer commanding told him he'd have to wait for orders to return to the battalion. So Brister said, "Thank you, sir," walked out to the road, hitch-hiked up to Cairo, bluffed his way onto the Alexandria train, took a taxi to the transit camp, and caught a ride on a truck carrying supplies to his battalion. The colonel said, "Jack, you shouldn't have done that, you know. But—we're glad to see you."

My battalion had been training a way back from the front, and about this time we started to move up. We knew the Eighth Army had been reinforced by Sherman tanks, by guns, and by Divisions from England, including the re-formed 51st (Highland) Division and an armored Division. But we were surprised when we heard that Monty was starting his battle as soon as October 23d. I had a new machine-gun platoon, which was a surprise to me, as I'd never seen a Vickers before; Cutting had the same; and Cox had a troop of useful 6-pounders, anti-tank guns with a punch. But we all cheered when we heard the news: action at last, a big battle that promised to be the turning-point of the war.

Our armored Division attacked in the north, in front of Alamein station, between the Australians and New Zealanders, and behind the Highlanders. That was the tough sector, the best-defended part of the Axis line, and it was where Alexander and Montgomery threw the greatest weight of metal and men.

It was good tactics, because it surprised Rommel and gave him no chance to put in a deadly flank attack against our main thrust, but it cost us something. The Highlanders were badly cut up in three night attacks against the bristling ridge, El Wishka, while our armored Division leaguered between two mine-fields and absorbed shell-casualties without fighting back. Finally the motor brigade of that Division attacked. It was

bloody, an awful night of confusion, smoke, dust, tracer, bombs, and shells; but we gained positions on the ridge and held them until the armor moved up. From those positions a week later was launched the attack which broke the German defenses of El Alamein and started the longest and quickest retreat in military history.

Heyward Cutting led his MG platoon onto the ridge, Wishka, and was pinned down by heavy enemy fire, mostly on fixed lines, partly directed at his trucks outlined against the blazing tanks and lorries behind him. He got his platoon out of the hole, picked up a wounded fellow-officer, started to a flank in his jeep, and drove into a flock of machine-gun bullets. One went through a knee, another through a calf, a third through an arm, and the fourth knocked out two front teeth. He drove to the company area and collapsed.

Bob Cox was trying to get his gun-portees out of a tangle of wire and mines, with enemy fire coming from four sides, when a bullet went through his back and out his front. Cox was evacuated as soon as the medical people found a route to the rear.

I got through the night, but in the morning a shell landed behind me when I was looking back to see if our tanks would get up before the Jerries did. A fragment went through my right thigh, high up. The blast knocked me down and after a while they carried me away.

That was three. Brister and Durkee, away in the south, had less fighting in the early stages, but caught hell after the break-through. Their Division, our former Division, famed as the Desert Rats, led the army through the frontier wire, and there Durkee was wounded in both knees by cannon-shell from a Messerschmitt 109.

Cutting, Durkee and I nearly had it as a result of our wounds, but we all pulled through with limps. Cutting healed well and now is a staff-captain in Alexandria. Durkee has an unbending knee and is still in hospital, walking with a caliper and a stick. I had my leg amputated above the knee (the artery was severed) and walk with an artificial limb and a stick. None of us will fight again.

Cox returned to the battalion as soon as his wound healed, drove through Tripoli and the Mareth, met his countrymen come at last to fight, and was killed by a German tommy-gunner in the barley-fields of Enfidaville. Brister, sent back again for sickness and ear-trouble, again dodged the doctors and rejoined his battalion to be killed by a direct hit in late April as the armies closed on Tunis.

For myself, it was still a good decision, to join the 60th Rifles. For Cutting and Durkee and their limps, I can't say. For Brister and Cox, dead, two I loved as brothers, I won't say until after we've made a peace to do them honor.

LOSING TEAM

(Continued from page 16)

numbered them. Now they outnumber us three to one, and more coming."

"I don't know why our colonel doesn't give the order to fire?" I answered. *Cruncher's* old players don't let outsiders criticize him. "Leave it to him."

Steve was only voicing the feelings of all of us. We were expendable and knew it, but wanted to get in the first lick. This island, previously unimportant even to the Japs, had suddenly become of tremendous value as a radar station. Destroyers had sped with us from Dutch Harbor, landed us in a fog, then high-tailed it back to escort the main expedition.

WE HAD climbed the island's backbone, sometimes hip deep in snow, dropped down the other side and taken position. Freshly fallen snow had covered our tracks. The Japs didn't know we had beat them to it . . . yet.

We had neither supporting ships, planes or artillery—just plenty of the things called American guts and resourcefulness, brains and well-hardened bodies.

"They knew we were after this volcanic rock," Steve said, "but they haven't found out that we got here ahead of them." He watched the Japs pour from their landing barges and take position. "Their timing is beautiful, isn't it, Mike? Reminds me of your outfit back in thirty-eight."

"We had a good team that year," I admitted.

"*Cruncher* always had good teams," Steve said.

"Not always," I answered. "Some of the years we beat better teams because *Cruncher* had the damnedest faculty of spotting weakness in the opposing team. He could sense team dissension or weakness a mile off. He used to say, 'When you haven't a lot, do your best with a little and you may come out on top.'"

"Here he comes," Steve said.

He squirmed through the tundra and stopped at the heap of volcanic rock now serving as a machine-gun nest. Crawling or sprawling in tundra is like rolling in a tub filled with sponges drenched with ice water. The chill had reached *Cruncher's* bones long ago. "Hello, Coach," I said before I thought. He answered, "Hello, Mike. A lot of 'em down there."

I grabbed the opening. "There're more coming, sir," I said, now minding my manners. "The men are taking in action very well, but they'd like to open fire."

"The suspense is hard," he agreed, "but they're trained to go through it. Part of war." He was sprawled in ice water, studying the Japs through binoculars. I'd seen the same expression on his face, the same mannerisms, when he studied foot-

ball teams that outweighed us and had more and better substitutes.

"They're wide open for an end run," he observed, and I remembered that he used to explain that an end run, in warfare, was nothing more than turning the enemy's flank, then playing in his backfield.

I nodded, my glasses on a group of Jap officers. "Japs don't all look alike, sir," I commented, "and I'm sure I've seen some of those officers among West Coast student bodies."

"You have, Mike," he answered. "I recognize a general, a colonel and two majors." Then he gave orders for the gunners to get on targets, but hold their fire. He kept his glasses on the Jap backfield in a long huddle.

Suddenly a cruiser's forward turret flamed gold. A shell screamed overhead, hit and let go, heaving up snow, water and hunks of frozen tundra. We all expected *Cruncher* to order firing all along the line, but he just sprawled there in the icy water, his glasses now on the cruisers. The fog bank was closer, the cruisers growing indistinct. The fog smothered the destroyers and beach a half hour later—the longest half hour most of us had ever known. Then—

"Commence firing!" *Cruncher* spoke quietly, but I knew from his voice that it had taken plenty of self-discipline to delay this long.

Man! What a relief! It made up for the hours we'd sprawled in that damned tundra fighting the fear inside. The near guns let go and the others followed, shifting slightly to follow the probable moves of the surprised enemy down there in the fog.

The Jap fleet turned their guns loose, churning the higher slopes to muck, then working slowly down—literally blind pointers and trainers in a fog. One of our men went down and I saw *Cruncher* pick up his rifle. I've never seen his eyes harder. Like blue glacier ice. "Mike," he said, "we're going down and play in their backfield. And this time I won't be watching the game from the bench."

OUR men must have been a terrifying sight as their fog-distorted figures suddenly closed in. Before a Jap knew where a thrust was coming from, it was there. I saw *Cruncher* get a couple, then I had my own hands full. Above the roar of hand-to-hand conflict we could hear the fleet wasting ammunition on the tundra.

Cruncher's strategy, as usual, was solid. We cleaned out their advance party, then fell back. Our machine-gun outfits had a field day. They'd listen a moment and locate the enemy by the sound, then pour it on. Then they'd break off, shift, and open up again, while the Japs plastered the spots they'd just left.

When the fog lifted several days later, it was quite a sight! Abandoned equipment from hell to breakfast; the Jap general, colonel and two majors and a dozen other officers cut down as they huddled over maps. And our transports standing in.

You might have thought the general in command of our main landing force would have given *Cruncher* a medal on the spot, but he didn't. A man isn't supposed to gamble lives when he's outnumbered seven to one unless it is a last-stand deal, or he has sound reasoning behind his attack. The percentage is all against winning battles by luck.

The general and *Cruncher* looked oddly familiar as they faced each other. I had the feeling I had watched that scene before, then suddenly I remembered, and a lot of things added up. It was a newsreel shot of an American Legion convention. *Cruncher* was telling the general that he had used military tactics when he coached a division team that had whipped the division team the general had coached, in the other war.

I edged over. The general's voice was low, but I caught most of it. "*Cruncher*, you goddam fool, I didn't send you to throw a Jap force off the island. I don't know whether to recommend a medal or court martial."

"I DON'T rate either, sir," *Cruncher* answered. "I merely applied knowledge of Japs, weighed local conditions, and knew that if we threw their beautifully precisioned landing mach'ne out of gear it would fall apart. Sudden, heavy fire, a quick bayonet attack by unknown numbers, did just that."

"But how did you know it would?"

"I needed a job after the last war, and my old colonel, who was chairman of the school board in peacetime, gave me the coach's spot," *Cruncher* answered. "It was a West Coast school, with plenty of Japs turning out. Japs turned out, too, when I began coaching at college. Some of them were first-string men . . ."

"First-string men?" The general's voice indicated he didn't like any part of such an idea.

"First stringers," *Cruncher* explained, "when we were winning. But they used to go to pieces when we were losing and disorganized. When I recognized a Jap general and colonel as my former players I knew what to expect. I couldn't miss, sir. They had the biggest squad, but I was playing with none but first stringers."

"And as usual, Coach," the general added with a trace of a smile, "you first spotted the enemy weakness."

"Exactly. It is basic, sir . . . the inability to improvise and reorganize when things don't go according to plan," *Cruncher* said, "and it's going to bridge plenty of bad spots on the highway to Tokyo."

RADIONICS*

**"the impossible we do immediately
the miraculous takes a little longer"**

ARMY SERVICE FORCES —

The Army is . . . men . . . trained men . . . equipped and maintained. On the home front . . . in factories and on farms . . . civilians produce the armament and food and supplies. The bridge between civilians who furnish and soldiers who use . . . is . . . the Army Service Forces. Wherever the soldier is . . . whatever he does . . . the Army Service Forces are charged with seeing that he lacks no essential thing. To fulfill the task outlined in the twenty-one words above . . . literally . . . the "impossible" and the "miraculous" become daily routine with the Army Service Forces.



"AYE, AYE, SIR"

In old English, "Aye" meant "yes."

It means far more in the Navy.
"Aye, Aye, Sir," means that the order is understood and will be obeyed.

The Navy has given Zenith many "orders" since this war began.

Our prompt "Aye, Aye, Sir," has, we believe, been justified by the "intelligence and initiative" (as the Navy says) with which these orders have been executed.

—in days of civilian radio, Zenith was proud of its long series of "firsts"—improvements which made radio history and established leadership in the industry.

—today our viewpoint has changed—materially.

—engaged exclusively in war production, the things we have been called upon to do—the tasks we have succeeded in accomplishing, make past improvements in civilian radio literally look like "child's play."

—the work of our engineers in radionics has made the "impossible" possible and accomplished the "miraculous."

*—mark that word "RADIONICS" (with its subdivisions of Electronics, Radio, etc.) — it has brought into reality and being, devices which only a year or so ago came in the "impossible" and "miraculous" categories.

—today Zenith works in the science of radionics for our armed forces alone.

—in that bright "tomorrow" when peace returns—

—we can only say—the post-war radios that Zenith will produce will contain many interesting new developments.

—that statement is based upon experience which we can not now reveal—but you may take our word that it is a fact.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO

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RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

BUNKS FOR G. I.'S.

(Continued from page 25)

row, left to right, Raymond K. North, Commander, Buffalo, New York; Regis J. Barrett, O.S.B., Chaplain, Cañon City, Colorado; George Strompl, Santa Monica, California; Colonel Harry S. Bishop, Walter R. LeSourd, Adjutant, Hamilton, Ohio, and Frank E. Nester, Sergeant-at-Arms, Arcadia, California.

Second row, same order, Dwight S. Wallace, Burbank, California; Elmer A. Boldt, Santa Monica, California; Murphy L. Hayden, Los Angeles, California; Dr. Elmo Alexander, Oakdale, California; Dr. Clarence R. Hill, Hermosa Beach, California; Lloyd L. Welch, Hartford, Connecticut, and Edmund D. Kearney, Historian, New York.

Third row, left to right, Richard S. Linderman, Los Angeles, California; Roy A. Baker, Laguna Beach, California; James De Simone, West Los Angeles, California; Theodore P. Lenzen, Chicago, Illinois; Henry L. Koontz, Dayton, O., and Earl H. Martin, Antioch, W. Va.

Fourth row, same order, William J. Young, Los Angeles, California; Daniel Pierre, Daytona Beach, Florida; John L. Patten, Los Angeles, California; Arthur H. Merritt, Pacific Palisades, California; Ralph A. Stevenson, San Marino, California; Harley T. Crouch, West Los Angeles, California; Virgil O. Williams, Indianapolis, Indiana, and Hanson E. Sanders, Birmingham, Alabama.

Fifth row, same order, Ross J. Martin, South Bend, Indiana; Douglas E. Straube, Schoolcraft, Michigan, and James E. Lee, Custodian, New York City.

Since the picture was taken, word has come that Father Regis Barrett, Chaplain of the Post and a Past Department Chaplain of Colorado, was killed in North Africa on July 12th. He was in service as civilian chaplain for the company.

Honor Award

FIRST national Civilian Defense Honor Award in the Chicago metropolitan area goes to the Rescue Squad of Shields Township, which includes Lake Forest, Lake Bluff and the immediate sector. The squad is composed of twenty-six members of George Alexander McKinlock, Jr., Post of the Legion—its rifle team—commanded by Chief Samuel R. Sorenson. Matt R. Porter is the lieutenant.

Immediately after the Pearl Harbor attack the Legion rifle team offered its services in a body and was enrolled by Legionnaire Dwight Ingram, a member of the Post, who is coördinator of the Shields Township Defense Corps. Training started in February, 1942, and in addition to all of the required courses, members of the Rescue Squad have taken advanced training in first aid and war gases, as well as special instruction in rescue and demolition work.

BOYD B. STUTLER



One of the bigger "little" things

War certainly isn't any fun, no matter how things are going. Maybe I feel it a bit deeper than some folks, but... my son is "somewhere in the Pacific."

However, one mighty comforting thought is this: Every day we're fighting, we're one day nearer what the statesmen call our "post-war objectives" ... in other words, the right of decent, peaceful folks to live in a decent, peaceful way.

One right that I include is free and peaceful hunting. I happen to like to go out through fields with my dog and my gun...and I don't want any foreigner to say *verboten*. I like to see dawn and ducks out on the marshes, without anybody telling me...well, how do they say *verboten* in Japanese?

I suppose the statesmen would call America's heritage of free hunting one of the "little" things we are fighting for.

But to me...and to my son...it's one of the bigger little things!

Here at Remington we are doing everything in our power to speed peace through victory...

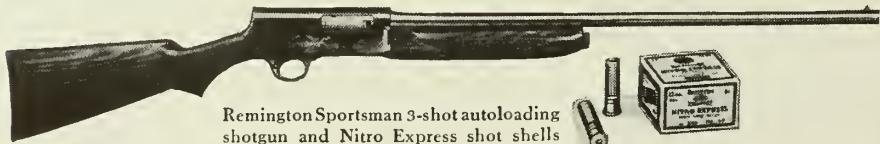
- during the last 7½ months of 1942 alone, Remington produced more small arms ammunition than the entire country produced during all four years of World War I.
- thousands upon thousands of military rifles were speeded to our armed forces all over the world.
- and Remington has received four Army-Navy "E's."

The many thousands of us who are Remington are grateful that we are able to serve our country. And after the war is won, we will be glad to serve our sportsmen friends again with Remington's distinguished line of sporting rifles and shotguns, and such famous ammunition as Nitro Express shells, Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's, and Core-Lokt big game bullets. *Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.*

"Nitro Express," "Kleanbore," "Hi-Speed," and "Sportsman" are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; "Core-Lokt" is a trademark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.

Remington

DUPONT



Remington Sportsman 3-shot autoloading shotgun and Nitro Express shot shells

Today, as for the past hundred years,
men enjoy the mellow goodness of
this famous whiskey.

THOSE IN THE KNOW ~ ASK FOR

OLD CROW



At this peaceful-looking Old Crow distillery, only alcohol for war purposes is now being produced. The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. So be patient if you can't have all you want of Old Crow when you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.



There is in Old Crow a matchless quality and taste which only rigid adherence to time-honored methods and standards can preserve.

A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES
Bottled-in-Bond

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

100 Proof

Kentucky Straight Whiskey

Bourbon or Rye

This whiskey is 4 years old

THIS COMIC-BOOK AGE

(Continued from page 12)

The result was the debut of "Famous Funnies," the first and only book of the kind for nearly two years.

However, while Gaines gets credit for fathering the comic book, his first magazine was strictly a collection of reprints of syndicated newspaper strips. The man who must take the responsibility, good or bad, for inventing the "original" pictorial story magazine is Major Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson. From an office equipped with an old parlor chair, a card table and a set of second-hand files, the major launched the comic thriller avalanche. For a year or two his "More Fun" and "New Adventure Comics" divided the field with "Famous Funnies."

By 1936 the two big syndicates, *United Features* and *King Features*, decided they had been missing a bet and climbed aboard the bandwagon. Six years after the appearance of Gaines' first opus, presses were turning out sixty books with the "comic" tag on them. This year, according to an official publisher's report, the comic titles on the newsstands numbered 132.

The output fluctuates. It is impossible to get exact figures, but an average sale of 20,000,000 copies a month is claimed.

Comic-book publishers early discovered that the youngsters don't want sex. The sweater gal and the leggy, brassiere-dazzler are all well and good in the more adult newspaper strips, but the duty of a comic book heroine is to fight for her boy friend and not beguile. In better books she is about as sexy as the Statue of Liberty. Once in a while she may embrace the hero but the emotional effect is about as stimulating as a flash of the late Tom Mix kissing his horse goodbye.

They found out other things, too. Stories must have a reason and a logical beginning, middle and end. Let no time be lost in the telling but no matter how fantastic the plot, it must be accurate in detail. No one is quicker than a chronic comic reader to spot an error. One editor recently let a yarn slip through

showing a couple of Eskimos at home on Iceland. His public immediately, happily informed him that there weren't—and never had been—Eskimos there.

All of this leads to sharper editing. The most successful magazines now have laid down taboos for writer and artist. Some of the "don'ts" would give the old Dime Novel authors writer's cramp. Kidnapping is frowned upon. A hero must never kill anyone personally. That is the villain's prerogative. If the villain dies it must be by some agency of just retribution. A hypodermic needle is out. So is a coffin—least of all with a corpse in it.

There must be no scenes of hangings, electrocutions, tortures or whippings, although a character may be placed under threat of any of them. No one is shown being stabbed or shot. The villain approaches with the weapon in one picture and is seen departing with sword or smoking gun in another. No blood or bloody daggers. No skeletons or skulls. Children must never be killed or die of sickness. On rare occasions their lives may be threatened, but that's the limit.

So the comics corrupt reading habits? The radio began that when the comic book was only a glint in Mr. Gaines's eye. What youngster will wrestle with print, when he can turn a knob and get "Orphan Annie" or "The Green Hornet" with full sound effects? Will he waste a rainy Saturday afternoon over a "reading" book, when Gene Autry is at the neighborhood movie? It doesn't take a Quiz Kid to answer that one. Entertainment comes too easy nowadays.

At best they are lazy reading. Strange to say, more than a few teachers see it as a means to a better end. Dr. Robert L. Thorndike, of Columbia University, after a detailed analysis of an issue of "Superman," notes: "The magazine contained over 10,000 words of reading matter. If a child read a copy of this or a comparable comic once a month, he would cover over 120,000 running words in a year—roughly twice the wordage of a fourth- or fifth-grade reader. . . . We have here an educational source which

introduces the child to a wide range of vocabulary."

Of course they encourage day-dreaming. So do Grimm's fairy tales, Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Treasure Island."

To say that the comics incite race hatred is to indict every newspaper and periodical in the country on the same charge. If fighting the Axis with every means available to text and pictures means that, then the comic books are guilty. They abound today in plots about the confusion and confounding of our enemies and their agents.

Recently a publisher of one of the largest groups of the magazines queried the Office of War Information, asking what his attitude should be on the subject. The reply of Dr. Leo C. Rosten, Deputy Director, is interesting: "Concerning your inquiry about 'hating the enemy'—we believe in honest, accurate and straight-forward presentation of the facts about the enemy. The fact that some of these truths are shocking and brutal does not affect the necessity of presenting the facts to the people."

That is precisely what the better type of comic book is doing. Many of their pictorial melodramas are based on fact, and I have yet to come across a story which fails to stress a lesson in sympathy for the underdog. Belaboring arrogance, brutality and treachery in four colors may be more inflammatory, but what it has to do with race hatred I wouldn't know.

It isn't just the youngsters who take to these wartime comics, either. A woman movie critic who works at a desk adjoining mine has an old house on the shore of Long Island. The Coast Guard took it over temporarily for barracks while they were building new ones.

"How did the boys leave your house?" I asked her after they had moved out.

"They policed everything up beautifully," she beamed. "But do you know what was piled up in a corner of every bedroom? Those awful comic books! Hundreds of 'em!"

"They're no worse than a lot of those 'B' pictures you review, Jane," I remarked. "And you'd better send them to the Red Cross or somewhere, so that some other boys will get a crack at 'em."

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY, PRISONER

(Continued from page 13)

dom of religious worship, and, so far as possible, the Nazis "shall encourage intellectual diversions and sports organized by prisoners of war."

Sounds like a large order for Adolf and something almost akin to the land of milk and honey for Pfc Doughboy, but it isn't quite that easy. First of all, as a prisoner, Johnny has his obligations as well as his rights. One of them

is to perform such work of a non-military nature as may be assigned to him and, for which he is physically suited. The work assigned Johnny "shall not be excessive and must not, in any case, exceed that allowed for the civil workers in the region employed at the same work." There will be a rest of "24 consecutive hours every week, preferably on Sunday."

If any non-commissioned officers of

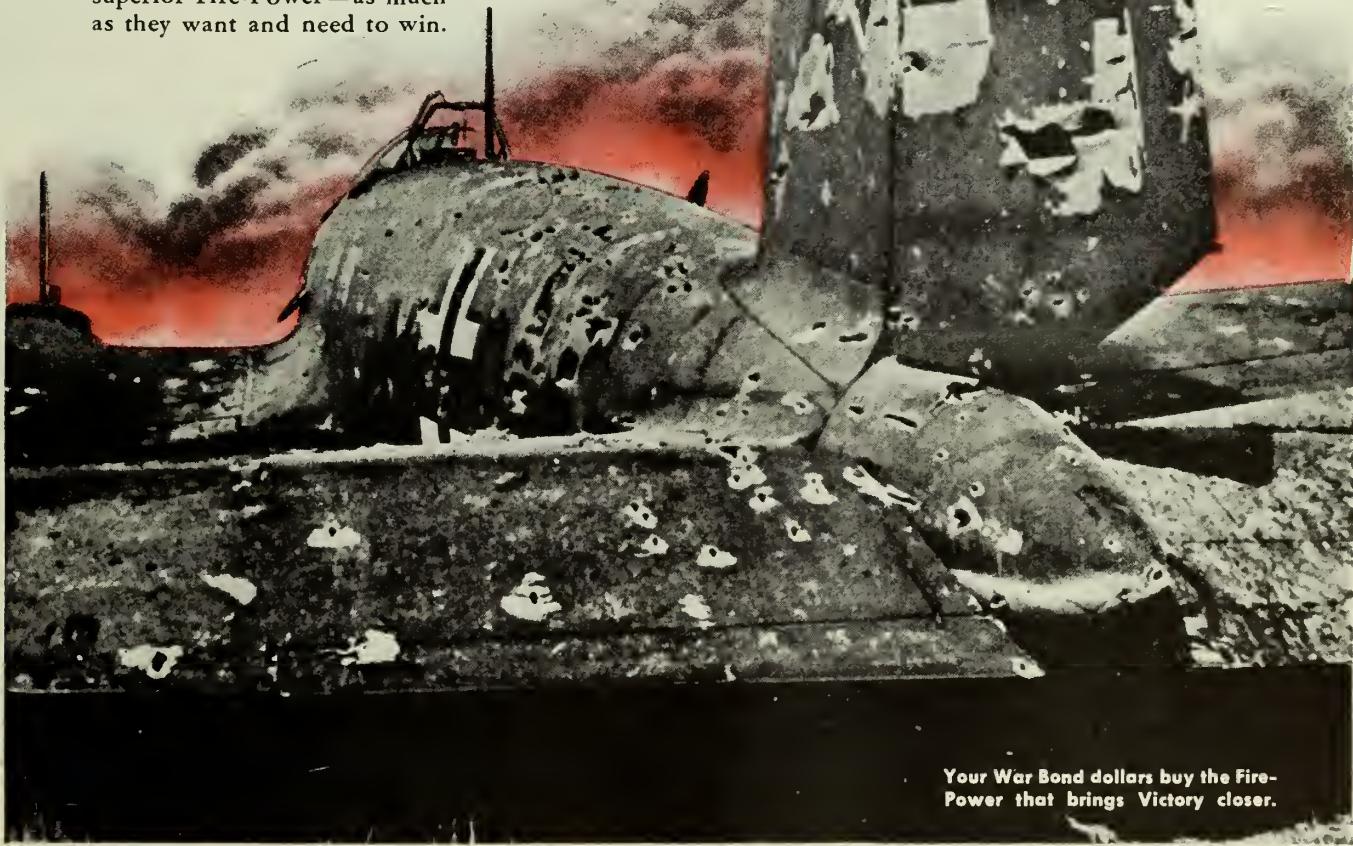
Pfc Doughboy's outfit also were taken prisoner, Johnny may find his former Top-Kick acting as his foreman. No sergeant or other non-com may be called on for anything but supervisory duties, and commissioned officers are exempt from all kinds of labor. Both, however, may request suitable work, and many do to offset the boredom of prison-camp life. There will be regular pay days, but

(Continued on page 37)

FIRE-POWER makes the kill!

AIR-POWER, land-power, sea-power, man-power—the “fighting four” of war—all depend on Fire-Power!

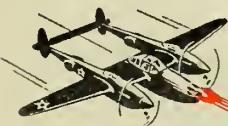
Planes, tanks, ships, trucks carry Fire-Power to the scene of battle. Man-power brings it to bear on the target. Then Fire-Power “does the business.” The impact of steel and high-explosive on the target, such as the destructive blast of explosive shell from automatic aircraft cannon of the type that brought down this Nazi bomber, that’s what causes the destruction of the enemy. Fire-Power teamed with man-power delivers the knock-out blow. Our wartime assignment at Oldsmobile is to help in keeping our fighting men supplied with superior Fire-Power—as much as they want and need to win.



Your War Bond dollars buy the Fire-Power that brings Victory closer.

ACME PHOTO

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS **FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS**



Oldsmobile has been specializing in the volume production of Fire-Power since before “Pearl Harbor.” High-explosive and armor-piercing shell, for example, have been pouring from the Oldsmobile lines in great quantities. Auto-

matic aircraft cannon—guns of the type that made those gaping holes in the wrecked Nazi plane above—have been turned out by the tens of thousands. And Oldsmobile has built hundreds of high-velocity cannon for tanks.



KEEP 'EM FIRING



86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

NOW AS IN 1892—It's Kinsey for Enjoyment

FIRST AIR WARDEN: That "all clear" sounded good to me. Now for a breather—join me in a "tall one".

SECOND AIR WARDEN: Say, I'd go for an air raid drill every night if I could always top it off as pleasantly as this . . . with Kinsey.

FIRST AIR WARDEN: Don't try to make me think you need inducements. You're as keen to do your bit for Civilian Defense as your family is way out front in saving scrap metal and kitchen fats. Here's to you and millions like you who are doing what they can

... all they can . . . the best way they can.

NOW THE GAY 90'S SPEAKS:

MR. GAY 90'S: Today as in my day it's the same—Kinsey and enjoyment go together. And with Mr. J. G. Kinsey, America's oldest living distiller still supervising the blending of this Golden Anniversary Whiskey, you can depend upon getting the same good product that always has been the secret of better taste in Kinsey.

Do as we did...

ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR!



JOHNNY DOUGHBOY, PRISONER

(Continued from page 34)

most of the pay will go to the prisoner's credit, with a small amount for use at the prison canteen, and a day of final reckoning when the war is over.

By the time Johnny Doughboy arrives at the prison camp that will be his more or less permanent home until made-in-America bombs stop falling on Germany, quite a number of wheels will have been set in motion in his behalf. Several big, influential institutions that never heard of Pfc Doughboy as a soldier immediately become very much concerned over his welfare as a German prisoner. The Central Agency of the International Red Cross Committee for Prisoners of War, at its gigantic office in Geneva, Switzerland, will have a complete record of Johnny, his physical condition, and whereabouts. The same will be true of the Prisoner of War Information Bureau in the Provost Marshal General's Office, in Washington. The Secretariat of State of the Vatican, in Rome, will probably know more about Johnny, if he is in Italy, than he does himself.

The U. S. Congress, anticipating Johnny's special needs, handed two million dollars to the War Department some time ago with instructions to buy special foods and have them packed in standard boxes. The American Red Cross, member of The International Red Cross, said their volunteers, working in huge packing plants in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, would pack the food free if the Army would pay for the labor needed to seal and wire the boxes for shipment. Besides, they offered to donate cigarettes and other comforts to Johnny and his buddies, should they be captured.

The Quartermaster Corps of the Army had an idea that Johnny's pants might get ripped in the process of being taken prisoner, and that probably the rest of his apparel would be slightly mussed up. Knowing he couldn't get to a tailor shop in Germany, and wouldn't have any ration tickets anyway, they made up a list of things to send him. It included everything from shoes to shirts, from belts to blankets. Besides all these interested organizations, there is, of course, Johnny's family. Mom and Pop and Kid Sister will want to write letters and receive them from their soldier. (Quite naturally, Mom will think she can take better care of her boy than the War Department, the Red Cross, and Congress, all combined, so representatives of those institutions worked out a scheme some time ago whereby Mom can send Johnny some of her best cookies, Pop can toss in a pipe, and Sis can ship the muffler and sox she knitted.)



They graduate from "Evinrude University" to serve on fighting fronts around the globe

EVEN before America went to war, companies of uniformed men began to fill the "class rooms" of Evinrude's long-established service school. Even then fighting Evinrudes were coming off the production lines. To keep them running under the toughest service conditions motors have ever faced . . . to patch up battle-scarred motors and speed them back for more — requires battalions of resourceful, highly-trained experts in outboard handling, maintenance and repair.

Since Pearl Harbor, "Evinrude University" has been in constant session. Swiftly and efficiently it has helped train class after class of outboard experts for the Armed Services. Veteran Evinrude instructors have streamlined their wealth of experience into a few brief weeks of intensely practical training. Now, on fighting fronts around the globe, "old grads" of the service school know all the answers to *keeping 'em running!*

We are glad that our peacetime Dealer Service School was equipped, staffed and ready for its wartime job. Serving America's fighting forces with all our resources necessarily restricts service and parts available to Evinrude users. After Victory there will be sparkling new Evinrudes . . . and again, complete and satisfying service to every owner of an Evinrude motor!

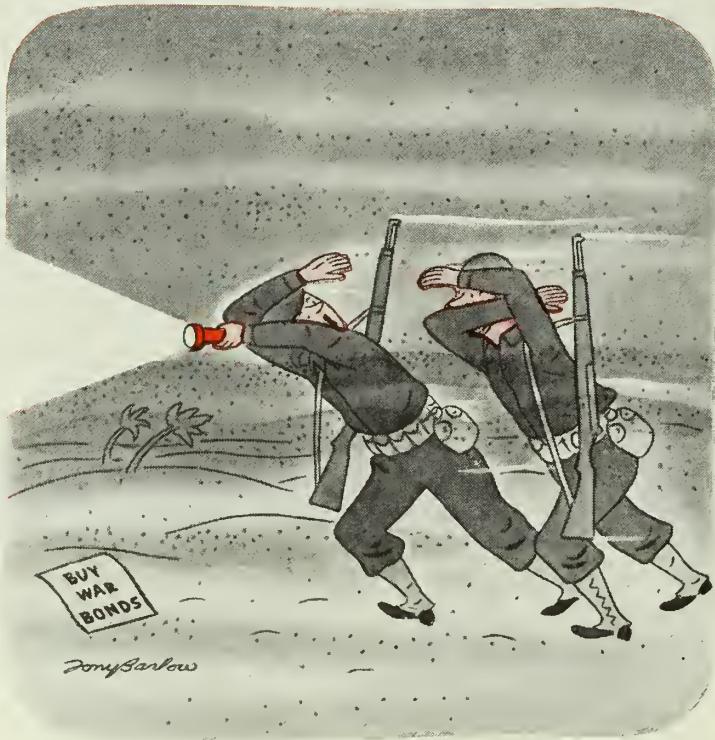
EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Evinrude Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada



★ HELP SPEED VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

LIGHTER MOMENTS

with fresh
Eveready Batteries



"And to think I used to complain
about sand in my spinach."

FRESH BATTERIES LAST
LONGER . . . Look for
the date line →

Every "Eveready" flashlight battery we can make is going either to the armed services or to war industries. Have you enlisted in this total war, too? Your local Defense Council needs your help. Volunteer your services for Civilian Defense today.

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark
of National Carbon Company, Inc.



EVEREADY

TRADE MARK

However, things in the world being as they are these days, certain rules and regulations *must* govern these activities.

First and foremost are the methods of notification that Johnny Doughboy is a prisoner of war. There are several ways by which the folks might hear about it, but only two are reliable, and only one of them is official. If Pop tunes in on short-wave Radio Berlin, he might hear Johnny's name among those which Axis broadcasters announce as prisoners. That is neither reliable nor official. It is Nazi propaganda which is flavored with American names, sometimes fictitious, as bait to get us to listen. It might be true, but there's nothing anyone can do about it and the worst move that Pop can make under such circumstances is to write a letter to somebody, or spend money on a phone call or telegram. He'd probably get the wrong party anyway, and even if he talked to Major General Allen Gullion, who is Provost Marshal General and handles the whole prisoner of war problem, the General couldn't tell Pop whether the Nazis were lying or telling the truth. It's tough—mighty tough—but Mom and Pop will just have to sit tight and wait for the next development.

That can take the form of either an official or an unofficial notice from the War Department, in Washington.

The War Department receives its information from several sources, among

which are the International Red Cross Committee, the Protecting Powers, the Vatican, and intercepted radio messages.

Even if Mom and Pop should hear from some source other than the War Department that Johnny is a prisoner, and even if that source gives an address, they *must not* try to write or send a parcel. The address doesn't mean a thing. He could have been moved a dozen times while the message was getting over here, by whatever means it may have gone. As for parcels, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to send packages to prisoners of war without the proper labels which the War Department furnishes. More about these later.

This is the way the official chain of information works: In Geneva, Switzerland, is a large building occupied by The Central Agency of the International Red Cross Committee for Prisoners of War. Between 5000 and 6000 people, mostly volunteers, work for the I.R.C.C., where mail averages over 60,000 pieces daily, where there is a card index of 12,000,000 names, and where as many as 6000 families have been notified in one day of the fate of relatives of all nations. From the Nazi Intelligence Service to this Swiss beehive come Johnny Doughboy's name, serial number, information as to his wounds, if any, and the name and number of the German prison camp where he will be held, all according to the terms of the Geneva Convention. After making

entries in their own records, the I.R.C.C. sends the data on to the Prisoners of War Information Bureau, Provost Marshall General's Office, Washington.

This time it's reliable. If Johnny named Pop as his next of kin, the notice will come to him, and included will be instruction sheets and the precious labels needed to ship the first "next of kin package." The parcel must not exceed 11 pounds gross weight; it must not be more than 18 inches long; it must not be more than 42 inches in length and girth combined; and Johnny may have one of these every 60 days, and no oftener. As regularly as clock-work, Mom and Pop will receive the necessary labels from the War Department so that they may ship a package every two months, and always they will be accompanied by the latest instruction sheets.

By the time Pop and Mom receive the official notice some of the food purchased by the Army with that Congressional two million dollars has, in all probability, reached Johnny Doughboy. In Geneva, the Red Cross maintains an enormous stock pile of the standard food packages to guard against transportation difficulties and to assure every new prisoner of immediate attention. Between January 1, 1941, and the end of last April the total Red Cross shipments designated for United Nations prisoners of war in Europe and the Far East, including all transportation costs, were

"THROTTLE THE AXIS AS YOU AUTO!"

say the 5 Crowns

We all should take pride
In "sharing the ride"
With the gas that our rations allow,

For each wasted quart
Cuts Uncle Sam short,
And he's driving to Victory now!



Distilled since 1857
Seagram's
5 CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY

A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet
and delicate flavor... smooth and mellow.

WHISKEY BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA

THE FINE
Seagram's 5 Crown

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

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N O M A N
B E
I N D O U B T . . .

*There is
nothing better in
the market*



100 PROOF

KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKY

Famous

OLD FORESTER

America's Guest Whisky

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valued at \$13,761,130. Supplies shipped and actually distributed included 2,303,-290 standard 11-pound food packages, 20,000 of which went to the Far East.

The Army and the Navy are extremely emphatic in their attitudes toward their men who are captured by the enemy. "We will *not* have our men dependent on charity," they say. That's why the Quartermaster Corps ships belts, blankets, wool knit caps, drawers, gloves, handkerchiefs, jackets, shirts, shoes, socks, trousers, toothbrushes, tooth powder, razors, blades, and other articles.

With so many strenuous efforts directed toward Johnny's welfare as a prisoner, it behooves Mom and Pop to check the items they would like to send their boy with the many things he is receiving so as not to duplicate too much. There are restrictions on what they may ship, and their best procedure is to consult their Red Cross chapter.

Cigarettes, tobacco, snuff, and cigars may be purchased at special low rates and shipped postage free. Such gifts should not be included in the "next of kin" package. They are sent separately, and directly by tobacco manufacturer.

Medical kits, put together, donated, and shipped by the American Red Cross, are comparable to Johnny Doughboy's medicine cabinet at home, and satisfy all minor needs. They contain sufficient household remedies to meet the needs of 100 men for a month. According to the Geneva Convention, major ailments and illnesses of prisoners are cared for "in any military or civil medical unit qualified to treat them." Men who are wounded at the time of capture are sent to hospitals, and upon recovery are assigned to a regular prison camp.

All this, of course, is very fine, but just how effective are these many channels of help to PW's? How can Mom and Pop be sure their parcels reach Johnny? How do we know the Quartermaster's clothing gets there? How about those





Your blood ... his life

BLOOD plasma, modern miracle. Without it, he may die. With it, he may cheat the silent grave—come back home to laughter, love, and useful work.

He fights for you in the grime and pain of battle. You give a pint of blood your healthy body will hardly miss. It is easier than you think—so give your blood now, and give it regularly. If there is a Blood Donor Center in your city, telephone today to make an appointment . . . if not, please ask your local health authorities or Civilian Defense Office for nearest facilities. You can make no finer, more personal contribution.



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INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, N.J.



A Mutual Company

WAR FRONTS

* * * * * Because of the constantly increasing number of men on the different fronts, it is necessary for us to steadily increase our production and to make sure our men are NEVER in need of supplies of any kind.

Our Government has entered into contracts with American industry to pay for the labor and material to produce munitions of war.

It is our privilege to help pay for these munitions through the best investment in the world—

WAR BONDS

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the great wars; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION.

standard food parcels that start going to Johnny as soon as his name comes into the I.R.C.C. office at Geneva and continue at the rate of one a week for the duration? How about his health? Is he warm enough? Can he get a bath? What about exercise? Good questions, all of them, particularly in view of certain Nazi practices since Hitler blew the whistle for the invasion of Poland.

The answer is encouraging. That very extensive document which came out of the Geneva Convention set up The International Red Cross Committee with a maximum of 25 members. At present, they all are Swiss.

Representatives of the Committee, all neutrals, periodically inspect each camp, meticulously check all requirements, interviews prisoners privately, talk to the camp commander, make any suggestions or complaints necessary for betterment of conditions, and files a detailed report of their findings. Copies of these reports are received by our Department of State, the American Red Cross, the Provost Marshal General's Office.

Information on file to date indicates that while the basic diet of an American soldier in a German prison camp consists largely of potatoes, cabbage, fish, and an indefinite amount of meat, he is generally in good health and good spirits.

It must be borne in mind, however, that all that has been said herein applies only to the German and Italian camps housing United Nations' prisoners of War. The best that can be said for the Far East is that prisoners in the camp near Shanghai, China, and those in camps near Tokyo are faring not too badly. What the conditions are in the Philippines is not known, for the Japs have refused representatives of the I.R.C.C. permission to visit them on the grounds of Japanese national security.

For
GOOD TASTE
I'll hand it to you

Milwaukee's
Most Exquisit
Beer

BLATZ BREWING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
IN OUR 92nd YEAR

Blatz
MILWAUKEE

BUY WAR BONDS



Buy a Share in the U. S. A.—
Buy Another War Bond TODAY!

BEST ROUND OF THE DAY



Like a good round of golf, a highball made with Calvert Reserve is a pleasure you may not enjoy as often today as you used to. For our distilleries are in total war production.

Yet, because it is limited, we believe you'll prize more than ever the mellow satisfaction found in this fine whiskey, blended from the best of Calvert's choice reserve stocks.

For, just as an unusually smooth and effortless swing adds extra enjoyment to your occasional game, so does the *extra* smoothness and mellowness of this matchless whiskey make a Calvert Reserve highball the "best round of the day."

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE

Calvert Reserve

"THE CHOICEST YOU CAN DRINK OR SERVE"



CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY: 86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

OCTOBER, 1943

WHEN PURCHASING PRODUCTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



Train yourself to getting envirous stares when you start smoking Briggs tobacco. Because its delectable fragrance is almost as delightful as its taste—and oh, brother, that's *luscious!* Full-bodied and tender, the mellow richness of Briggs will make you get up earlier so's you can enjoy it longer each day. Briggs is cask-mellowed for years—longer than many costly blends—and it's ripe for your pipe and your pleasure. Try a package today.



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with
a Smile

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

KILLS FLEAS, LICE
AND TICKS

PULVEX
FLEA POWDER

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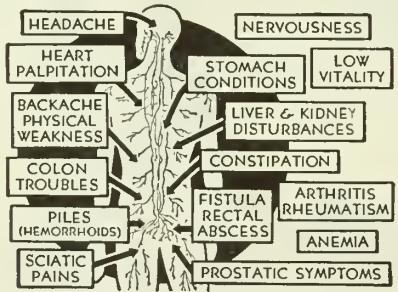
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CHINA'S WOMEN FIGHTERS

(Continued from page 15)
pletely destroy Wah Po. Not a building was left standing.

The women irregulars retaliated by surrounding a Jap patrol and killing every man, including Lieutenant Choyo Bumpo, English-speaking, American-educated military press-relations officer at Shanghai. The same officer was with the Japs when they captured Nanking and was photographed by a Canadian missionary while in the act of criminally attacking a young Chinese girl on a Nanking side street.

The women irregulars are not lacking in cunning and ingenuity, it has been demonstrated. They caused a rumor to be circulated to the effect that a large number of young Chinese sing-song girls, en route from Shanghai to Nanking, were being housed in barracks in the town of Li Chung, on the Shanghai-Nanking Railway line, awaiting further transportation.

Anticipating a visit from the Japs, following the spreading of these rumors, the women irregulars mined the barracks and planted bombs.

True to these anticipations, Japs under Captain Tiko Yamoburi, the latter better known to Chinese as "Bloody Yamoburi," put in an appearance at Li Chung to pay the sing-song girls a "social" visit. Exploding mines, bombs, hand grenades and rifle bullets killed the Romeo-like captain and nearly all his men. Seven of the women guerillas were captured, assaulted and killed. The Japs used bayonets to kill them. Prior to dealing out death, however, the Japs bound the hands of their captives tightly with wire, behind their backs, and questioned them for hours. One woman, who attempted to ease the pain of the wire cutting into the flesh, by moving her hands slightly, was promptly bayoneted in the wrist by a Jap guard.

The Japs, suspecting that women in large numbers were fighting under the guerilla banner, adopted a habit of pouncing upon the homes of farmers, and arresting women as well as men. The wife of Ah Ping, a farmer who had lost both legs in the short, undeclared war between China and Japan in 1932, was criminally assaulted by 14 Jap soldiers, including three sergeants, while the helpless husband was in the same room. As a parting "gift" a soldier bayoneted the disabled farmer, but he survived.

In 1937, the Lone Battalion of the Chinese army thrilled the world with its gallant stand in a warehouse on the north bank of Soochoo Creek. The warehouse was surrounded by Japs, yet a courageous 16-year-old Chinese girl made her way through the Jap lines and entered the warehouse, carrying messages

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



AFTER THIS WAR... An Ever READY America!

By L. B. ICELY, President

BUT for the grace of God, and the protecting breadth of our oceans, we might have been another France, another Poland, or another Greece.

With this fearful lesson on the value of preparedness still fresh in mind, let us here and now resolve, as a nation, that never again shall America be caught physically unprepared and untrained.

Our national purpose in this war is to help establish worldwide peace and freedom.

But—let us resolve that from this war on, America shall be a physically fit, ever ready people.

First—let us see that our returning fighters are kept in good condition, through participation in organized sports and vigorous games, to form the nucleus of the new, physically fit America.

Through compulsory Physical Training in our schools, colleges and universities, let us train all of America's youth, from the begin-

ning, to be robust, strong and adept in the skills and agilities that football, basketball, baseball, tennis, boxing, and other American competitive sports develop.

Let us broaden the application of Industrial Recreation so that all the millions of young men and women who work in our great industrial plants may have access to organized sports and games that will keep them healthy and vigorous.

Let there be more golf clubs, more tennis and badminton courts, more play fields and gymnasiums, and organized participation in them by more business executives and office workers.

Let there be more help for that part of the youth of America whose only playgrounds are the sand lots of our cities and towns.

As a vital factor in our Postwar planning let us establish new and higher physical standards for all of America.

Let us resolve that not only our industrial and economic machinery, but our millions of Human Machines shall be physically equal to the challenge of our job as leaders in world restoration and progress after the war.

Let us now, therefore, dedicate this great, democratic nation of ours to the proposition that all men everywhere are entitled to Freedom from Fear, Freedom from Want, Freedom of Speech and Freedom of Worship. But let us also be a Nation of athletes—ever ready, if need be, to sustain our rights by the might of millions of physically fit sports-trained, freedom-loving Americans.

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MUCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT NOW IN
MATTINGLY & MOORE THEY'VE FOUND A
MELLLOWER & MILDERR WHISKEY THAN
MANY BRANDS COSTING MUCH
MORE MONEY. SO WHY NOT
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If your bar or package store is sometimes out of M & M, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

of cheer and a large Chinese flag to the beleaguered Chinese soldiers.

Ten minutes after her arrival at the warehouse, the besiegers were astounded and infuriated to see the flag proudly floating from the roof of the structure. Although fired upon at close range, the girl managed to gain the north bank of the creek in safety and was transported to the Settlement side by a brave Chinese sampan man.

Take the incident of the Toyoda department store in Shanghai, the largest Japanese concern of its kind in the entire city. Toyoda, the owner, had served with the Japanese army in 1932 and was said to have been one of the executioners at the notorious Japanese Club, which was the scene of countless killings of Chinese after the club became a military headquarters. The store had more than 200 Chinese employes and he forced them to bow to the Jap flag and bow twice daily before a likeness of the Emperor. No, the Chinese employes did not work for Toyoda because of any disloyalty or because they liked the man, but because in doing so they could earn enough for their daily rice and vegetables.

On July 10, 1940, Executioner Toyoda was guilty of a slight error, but a fatal one. At his bidding, armed Jap gendarmes entered the store and Toyoda pointed out an even dozen male and female employes, branding them as terrorists and informers for the Chungking government. All of them, five girls and seven men, were taken away by the gendarmerie. Not one was seen or heard from after that.

A fortnight later, Toyoda's office boy informed his employer that three Japanese men were waiting to see him. They were admitted, drew pistols quickly and shot Toyoda to death. All three escaped.

The Jap armed forces, including the naval, military and gendarmerie, raised a terrific hue and cry over the killing of Toyoda. They even arrested several questionable Jap and Korean civilians. A high foreign police official, however, said that the killers were not Japs or Koreans, but a trio of Chinese women irregulars disguised as male Japs.

A number of American newspapermen who were prisoners at the infamous Bridge House in Shanghai during April of 1942, saw Chang Lo-Kee, a guerilla leader, beaten to death by gendarmerie guards, but they did not witness the revenge exacted by Mrs. Chang, his widow, herself a well-known irregular fighter who often accompanied her husband's band on its raids and who was credited with having shot more than a score of Jap soldiers.

Following the murder of her husband, Mrs. Chang rented a room in a house opposite the Japanese Foo Ming Hospital on North Szecheun Road in the Hongkew district of Shanghai. The hos-

pital at that time housed many wounded Japanese, victims of guerillas, and was visited by many Jap officers and men.

From her vantage point, Mrs. Chang, armed with a rifle and pistol, hoped to pick off an admiral or general visiting the hospital, but after days of patient watching and waiting, had to be content with the next best thing—a full colonel named Hataka. The unfortunate Colonel Hataka chose to drive up to the hospital in a sleek military limousine about 5 P. M. on April 22d, at a time when Mrs. Chang, rifle in hand, was watching from her window.

Perhaps the trim-uniformed officer never knew what hit him, so for the benefit of any of his relatives or friends who may read this, it will be stated that it was a bullet.

Carrying a market basket, after secreting her weapons, Mrs. Chang went away from there—fast—while dozens of motor cars carrying indignant gendarmes, army and navy officers swiftly converged on the hospital.

As usual, the Japs put up barricades, but after three days of searching and questioning, more or less admitted being baffled.

Mrs. Chang later connived with a sampan owner on the Whangpoo River, boarding the easily maneuvered craft. Every time her rifle barked a Jap sentry went to his death. Her average was five per day for nine days. Fortunately for

her, the Japs thought the deadly fire was coming from a house in the French Concession, and accordingly searched all buildings in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Chang moved to other fields only after the Japs began a search of craft on the river. She escaped without being accosted.

Major General Honda, who was described by war correspondent H. R. Knickerbocker as being "the toughest 95 pounds of human flesh" he had ever seen, had a narrow escape from death or injury by a hand grenade in September of 1942 at Shanghai. The missile was thrown by a Chinese woman while the general and other officers of the Jap military were dining at Rokusan Gardens, a Jap pleasure resort where foreign newspapermen were often wined and dined.

The woman patriot escaped but was later taken into custody through the treachery of a Chinese post office employee, and was executed.

General Honda, toughness and all, apparently was impressed by the incident, for shortly after he confiscated the bullet-proof motor car of a Chinese banker.

Thousands of women serve with the Chinese armies as nurses and stretcher-bearers. Hundreds of them have been wounded or killed, but few have been captured. They know the fate in store for them if taken.

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IT'S HI, DIGGER AND HI, YANK

(Continued from page 11)

gob in the U. S. Navy. Pointing out the places of interest on the river, I asked if there was anything I could do for him. "Yes," he said, "just tell me where I can borrow a horse." It seems he had never been on one.

A few days later he passed me on the highway, a very small sailor on the biggest horse in Western Australia. He was hanging on for dear life, his face strained and anxious, gamely urging his mount to greater speed, while an old man on the sidewalk was shouting: "Stick to it! Good on ye, me boy, ye'll be a jockey yet!"

Weeks went by and almost over night international romances bloomed on every corner. The home town boys, lacking novelty, were brushed aside by local belles in favor of the imported article, and more than one disillusioned Aussie carried a broken heart under his khaki tunic. One Saturday night when the town was packed with Americans on leave I overheard a conversation between two young Australian militiamen. They scowled as American uniforms streamed past on their way to dances and parties, escorting local girls in their most glamorous mood. The first boy nudged the second and said:

"Look at the Yanks."

"I'm lookin' at 'em," retorted the second gloomily.

"Uniforms designed by Hollywood."

"Yeah. Look at us."

"Bigger wardrobe than a movie star, they tell me, while we've only one rig to flaunt our charms in. Wouldn't it just?"

"Yeah. . . . Wouldn't it?"

"With an outfit like that we'd look swell, too."

"I reckon."

Not long after I sat next to an American in the street car. He was carrying a bunch, big enough to choke an ox, of Iceland poppies and Geraldton wax plant, one of our handsome native shrubs. In the other hand he clutched a five-pound box of nuts and raisins, since candy has virtually ceased to exist among us, and a book which, to judge from its jacket, must have been a recent popular American historical novel.

Humph, I thought. Flowers, books, and candy. Here is a nice boy, brought up in the old school.

"Heavy date?" I asked with a grin.

"You bet." He grinned back. Then, after a short pause, "I'm going to ask her to-night."

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"Well, good luck to you. Where do you come from?"

"Missoula, Montana."

"Do you plan to settle in Australia after the war is over?"

"I do not. If she takes me she'll have to take Missoula along with me."

We were nearing my corner, so I rose. "Evidently the honor of Montana is safe in your hands. May you both live happily ever after . . . in Missoula!"

He wagged his enormous bouquet in a farewell salute.

Convocation, which is the equivalent of an Alumni Association, of the University of Western Australia, decided after much deliberation, to have an evening for the graduates of American colleges. The deliberation was due, not to any lack of cordiality (the Western Australian is the soul of hospitality) but to the fact that the American forces, having first call on provisions of every kind, were literally eating our small community out of house and home. After a good deal of scratching around for ways and means, invitations were issued, and a starched collection, in their best bib-and-tuckers met to discover what the educated American outside the textbooks is really like.

The first American I met inside the door was a fiery red-headed bird, literally a bird, since he was in the Air Force, from Arkansas.

The next, a New Englander, by a discreet yet charming series of questions which should have entitled him to entry *cum laude* into the Foreign Service of the United States, having ascertained that once I had belonged to Swampscott, on the correct North Shore of Massachusetts Bay, laid himself out to be agreeable, and succeeded in making me homesick for an atmosphere of tinted Wallace Nuttings, where the coloring is forever pastel.

This tall, handsome man with exquisite manners fascinated every one in the room. In answer to the inevitable

question he drew himself up and said: "I am a Virginian." It is impossible to convey the simple dignity expressed in that sentence. Not the understatement of an Englishman, which is a kind of pride in reverse, nor the boisterous directness of a Californian could show greater consciousness of his inheritance. The state of Washington and Lee! I was impressed.

"Those noisy Californians," growled someone at my elbow, "hogging all the limelight! They ought to give the rest of us a chance!"

"Thank you," I broke in, turning around, "I am a Californian, if you care to know. My grandmother stood in Market Street in San Francisco to see the first overland train come in over the Union Pacific."

"So you're a Californian," boomed a hearty voice beyond, "I mean a real Californian from San Francisco, not one of those Iowa farmers from around Los Angeles."

I nodded. "I'm a native daughter, all right."

"Now isn't that wonderful! U. C. '20 did you say? Why, I'm U. C. '38 myself. Hey sister!"

And with a yell he grabbed me in both arms, swung me off my feet, and to the amazement of the bystanders, kissed me on each cheek with a smack that could be heard a block away.

"Honest, sister," he boomed again in a voice that rattled the chandelier, "have you really been away from California for twenty years?"

I nodded, not trusting to speak.

"Say," he concluded in deepest sympathy, "it must have been just plain hell."

I went home grinning. The American consul, who belongs to the older generation thinks "the States" have changed, but I imagine the republic will last my time. Meantime "Hi, Digger" and "Hi, Yank" are commonplaces of existence in our part of the world.

ON WITH THE DANCE

(Continued from page 28)

mates write to me, I can tell the story as I heard it. . . .

"Late in the summer of 1918 at Yorktown, our ship's team played three baseball games with the U. S. S. Pennsylvania team for the Fleet championship and we lost two out of three. The Pennsy team was loaded with big leaguers, among whom I remember 'Del' Gainor, Arthur Rico and 'Rabbit' Maranville.

"Later I was transferred to an old submarine, the K-2, in Ponta Delgada, Azores, and returned to Philadelphia on her. What a trip for those days! Flu broke out, Diesels broke down, batteries went dead, no juice at all, and

we were finally towed by the good old Prairie until the tow-line broke in a good old Cape Hatteras storm, and the Prairie left us, as her cargo was shifting. Our radio was dead but the Prairie contacted a Coast Guard cutter, the Snohomish, I believe, which found us the next day and after the storm abated, got a tow-line to us and hauled us into Philly and—the Armistice, on November 11, 1918.

"If any of the old 15th Company, Harvard, or crews of the New Hampshire or K-2 remember me, I wish they would drop me a line.

"I am now with the U. S. Engineers here at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi, as a civilian employee—my efforts to get

back into uniform failing entirely. I might mention that I married the girl who kept writing to me when I was in the First World War, our son is taking pilot training in the Army, and our daughter has graduated from Jackson High. I have a brother in the Coast Guard, another in the Navy, a brother-in-law in the Army and another brother-in-law, Bob Patrick, played on the Great Lakes Naval Training Station team in 1918."

EVEN though the Outfit Notices column is suffering shrinkage lately, we hope you fellows will understand that that situation is due to paper shortage and resultant lack of space in your magazine. We'll continue to publish the timely notices of reunions that are scheduled, and hope that before too long, all announcements may appear as they have throughout the years of our publication.

Details of the following reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

29TH DIV. ASSOC.—Natl. reunion, Hotel Douglas, Newark, N. J., Oct. 8-10. 25th anniversary memorial service of actions in Aragonne. Chas. L. Hofmann, gen. chmn., 60 Prospect Av., Irvington, N. J.

3D PIONEER INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 5. Joel T. Johnson, secy., 411 Essex Bldg., Minneapolis.

52D PIONEER INF., AEEF—Annual reunion, New York City, Nov. 13. Edw. J. Pollak, 331 Tecumseh Av., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Co. C, 143D INF.—Reunion, Beaumont, Tex., Nov. 11. M. P. Stewart, 1475 Cartwright, Beaumont.

Co. I VETS, 306TH INF.—Annual reunion-dinner, Port Arthur Rest, 7 Mott St., Chinatown, New York City, Oct. 4. G. W. Richardson, Box 69, Greenlawn, N. Y., for copy of *I Co. News*.

BASE HOSP. 116—25th reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 13, 7:30 p.m. Frederick C. Freed, M. D., 59 E. 54th St., New York City.

322D F. S. BN.—No. Calif. reunion, San Francisco, Nov. 6. Dr. John P. O'Brien, Flood Bldg., San Francisco. So. Calif. reunion, Los Angeles, Nov. 11. For new roster and history, write Julius Merkelbach, 1530 44th Av., San Francisco.

Co. 6, 1ST AIR SERV. MECH.—Annual reunion-dinner, Hotel Piccadilly, New York City, Oct. 23. C. R. Summers, 3258 Glenview St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NATL. ASSOC. U.S.S. CONNECTICUT VETS.—7th convention and reunion-dinner, Hotel Martinique, New York City, Oct. 23. Sidney A. Blum, 1620 E. 33d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

135TH AMB. CO., 34TH DIV.—24th reunion, St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 11. Norman F. Gladt, 483 Marshall Av., St. Paul 2, Minn.

NATL. OTRANTO-KASHMIR ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Muscatine, Iowa, Oct. 3. A. H. Telford, Galesburg, Ill.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC., N. Y. CHAP.—Reunion and dinner-dance, New York City, Oct. 15-16. Geo. H. Cole, secy.-treas., 203 E. 26th St., New York City. Phone Lex. 2-6781.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

HOST TO THE JAPS

(Continued from page 21)

lation that the Japanese-American Citizens League not only had access to confidential files in WRA headquarters in Washington—it “assisted” the WRA in formulating policy concerning the manner in which the relocation centers should be operated.

The Dies Committee now says the WRA is guilty of “inefficiency and bungling,” and it accuses the agency of conducting “a silly social experiment” at the risk of undermining the nation’s war effort.

Meanwhile there is some intimation that War Department policy, under goading by certain church influences, is veering toward a wartime return of these Japanese to their west coast homes. First concrete evidence of possible leaning toward relaxed restrictions was received by the San Francisco Downtown Association, in a letter from Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy. The Downtown Association is one of many Western organizations that lodged strongly-worded protests with the Department and the President against letting down the barriers erected by Lieutenant General John DeWitt, who ordered and carried out the evacuation of all Japanese from the Western Defense Command.

The Department’s reply, signed by McCloy, was so carefully phrased that there is strong suspicion the State Department may have had much to do with its writing. The letter concerned itself chiefly with Japanese-Americans who are in the U. S. Army, and it

touched very lightly and very vaguely on civilian Japanese.

The Japanese-American soldier, the letter stated, is “to be accorded the privileges extended to any other soldier in the Army. This includes the privilege of returning on furlough to any part of the United States he desires.”

The danger of that policy, according to the western viewpoint, is that any Japanese bent upon sabotage could dress himself in the uniform of an American soldier and go about his mission practically unhindered.

“The relocation of the Japanese,” the McCloy letter stated, “is a social and national problem, and only to the extent that it really affects our military security does the War Department presume to express any opinion on the subject.” The letter added, however, that “there may be certain other steps taken to alleviate hardships in individual cases or to recognize the full responsibility of the country to a soldier in uniform, but this is all *for the moment* (this writer’s underscoring) we are considering so far as reintroduction of Japanese-American citizens into the Western Defense Command is concerned.”

The McCloy letter has spawned additional protests, including one from California’s Governor, Earl Warren, who says that Japanese, whether they be American citizens or aliens, are “the worst potential saboteurs in the world.” There is no way in which Japanese loyalties can be “accurately appraised,” the Governor said, and he added:

“I have always taken the position that

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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan’s Pills.



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If You Get Up Nights You Can't Feel Right

If you have to get up 3 or more times a night your rest is broken and it's no wonder if you feel old and run down before your time. Functional rather than organic or systemic Kidney and Bladder trouble often may be the cause of many pains and symptoms simply because the Kidneys may be tired and not working fast enough in filtering and removing irritating excess acids, poisons and wastes from your blood. So if you get up nights or suffer from burning, scanty or frequent passages, leg pains, backache, or swollen ankles, due to non-organic or non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles, why not try the prescription called Cystex? Because it has given such joyous, happy relief in so high a percentage of such cases, Cystex is sold under a guarantee of money back on return of empty package unless completely satisfactory. Cystex costs only 35¢ at druggists.

it isn't a question of whether we want the Japanese here or whether we don't—with us at the present time it's a question of security. I just don't see how it can be consistent with the security of our State to bring the Japs back to California. It would be dangerous from the standpoint of our security and would be disruptive of law and order to bring any Japanese into this or any other combat area in the country."

A similar protest has been sent to the President and the Congress by an interim investigating committee of the California Senate.

There is no objection to the presence on the West Coast of Germans and Italians, or to persons of German or Italian extraction, with the exception of those known to be anti-American, and who have been interned or ordered to move to interior areas. The explanation is that there has been ingrained in the Japanese-Americans, through their dual citizenship status, the conviction that their first loyalty must always be to Japan, regardless of where they were born or where they live.

A further test of this condition was made in the Relocation Center near Tulelake, in northern California, about 40 miles from Klamath Falls, Oregon.

I spent two days in the Tulelake camp, on a general investigative mission, and learned that many of the colonists are resentful at their incarceration. This attitude was particularly true among the "Nisei," or second generation—those who were born in this country.

"We are American citizens," they protested, "and we are as loyal to the United States as anyone. Why should we be locked up in here?"

Yet when these youths were given opportunity to volunteer for service in an all-Japanese unit of the Army to be trained for combat duty in European war theaters, the numbers of registrants was surprisingly few. "Our parents don't want us to," was the usual response.

On another occasion a representative of the overseas branch of the Office of War Information sought to round up a number of these military-age Americans for uncensored broadcasts by short wave to Tokyo. The evacuees were to tell, in their own words, about living conditions in the Relocation Center. It was not anticipated there would be any difficulty in getting a group for this assignment because it would involve an all-expense paid trip to San Francisco and return. But the OWI man went back to San Francisco empty-handed. Much as the internees would like to have made that trip, each one approached gave a very definite "No." Again the youths indicated they must be guided by the wishes of their alien parents—the "Issei."

At Tulelake the colonists live in barracks of the army type, with family groups segregated in barracks that are partitioned into one-room apartments—

an apartment for each family. Each building has electric lights and coal-stove heat but no running water. There are central mess halls, latrines, bath and laundry facilities. There are co-operative stores, with each colonist eligible to membership, upon payment of a \$1 fee. Purchases are made with scrip and the profits are divided among the members. No rationed articles are sold, as the evacuees do not have ration books. To get shoes—one pair a year—they must apply on special forms to the county ration board. Few of these applications have thus far been approved.

In accordance with California law, children are required to attend school. Adults who volunteer for work are given monthly pay of \$13 for common labor, \$16 for skilled labor, and \$19 for technicians, including physicians and nurses. About half the camp population puts in an eight-hour day at work.

Some 3,900 acres are being cultivated by evacuee labor for an agricultural crop it is estimated will gross \$3,000,000 this year. The food helps to supply several centers.

The camp is divided into blocks, with block managers and an internal security force, all made up of evacuees. Petty offenses are tried in a police court presided over by a WRA official who metes out sentences of small fines and restricted privileges. Felony cases are turned over to county authorities.

There have been some uprisings in this camp, including strikes. On one occasion the battalion assigned to unload coal from railroad cars refused to carry on unless more help was provided. The camp authorities broke that strike by informing the block managers that unless the coal were unloaded regularly there would be no heat for the barracks, no hot water in the bathhouses and laundries. Each block now takes its turn at this extremely unpopular work.

When volunteers were sought for military service in the Japanese-American combat unit, "Redhots" in the camp agitated against registration. To trap the agitators, authorities got this word to trusted colonists:

"We don't expect you to be stool pigeons, and we are not putting you on the spot, but there are lots of places around here where a list of names of troublemakers could be left—under a rock, under that bridge over there, or almost anywhere. We will find those lists, and nobody will ever know who wrote them—not even we. We want those lists tomorrow morning."

Several such lists were found, and the "Redhots" were routed out of bed early the following morning and transferred to another camp.

That policy is now being pursued generally, segregating the known disloyalists. That is the only concession, thus far, that WRA Director Dillon S. Myer has made to the Dies Committee.

OUR NEIGHBORS

(Continued from page 21)

the most seldom on relief, the group with the most wholesome family life—the most industrious group, and spend \$200,000.00 a day, more or less, to keep them in "protective custody" (shades of Hitler!) in concentration camps, while in Hawaii (a far more strategic area) they guard our munition plants and police our streets, work in our defense industries.

We are told they are saboteurs, although J. Edgar Hoover, and the military and naval authorities have stated in the Tolman Committee Report that there have been no cases of sabotage by Japanese-Americans or by Japanese aliens in America or Hawaii either before or since Pearl Harbor. Compare this with the convicted cases of Germans and Italians! Our danger of sabotage is greatest from people of our own color.

We hear complaints of their dual citizenship and yet the provisions of the laws of citizenship passed in 1924 by the Japanese Diet are basically the same as ours covering children of American parents born in a foreign land.

We hear that the Japanese language schools should all be closed. Then let's be fair. Let's make sure that every school teaching English in foreign lands to American children using American textbooks with pictures of American battleships and American skyscrapers be similarly closed. Such poppycock! Over 9,000 Nisei receive pay from the Government. Where would the Army and Navy Intelligence have found its hundreds of loyal Nisei who today are trusted with the most intimate secrets if it had not been for these schools? We should have had more of those classes—under trusted, tested teachers, in our own schoolrooms.

We are told they are inhumane. But those of you who saw as much of the

last war as I did know that inhumanity is no respector of flags. You as well as I know there are sadists in every nation. If you don't believe it, I suggest you attend a few meetings of any class in Commando tactics.

I make no plea for the anti-Americans of any group. My plea is for the loyal American regardless of the color of his skin. I know the Nisei because I have lived amongst them for years. I know that their hearts quicken at the sound of *The Star Spangled Banner* and the blood runs faster in their veins as they see Old Glory float past, because they have been taught to love no other flag. I have heard their chokes of emotion and have seen the tears streaming down their faces as they have spoken of the sacrifices they must make—the giving up of their homes, the breaking of family ties—in order that their loyalties to this country may go unchallenged.

The Legion through the publication of *Japs in Our Yards* almost proved itself to be what it has so frequently been called—the "un-American Legion." Like Northfield (Minnesota) Post I "do vigorously protest against our national magazine being used to foster race hatred in violation of our constitution and the Constitution of the United States...."

I want to see the Legion become a builder, not a destroyer of American unity. I want to see it conform to the principles presented to us on the back of our membership cards and to the Bill of Rights for which my forebears fought.

Then we would be able to do as General Emmons did in Hawaii—use these loyal Nisei, Kibei and Issei to guard our plants, raise crops, police our cities, and make America a flaming example of a democratic nation in a democratic world.

CLAUDE N. SETTLES
Willow Glen Post 318

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?

If your address has been changed since paying your 1943 dues, notice of such change should be sent at once to the Circulation Department, The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana. The one mailing list covers both The American Legion Magazine and The National Legionnaire.

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THE AXIS CRUMBLES

THE EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT

AS THESE lines were written early in September, with the allied armies poised for more invasions of the European continent, Italy surrendered unconditionally to General Eisenhower's forces. The Nazis meanwhile were desperately defending the continent as a beleaguered fortress. As the Legion prepared to assemble in its Twenty-Fifth Annual National Convention at Omaha, how changed was the situation from that of a year ago. Then the Russians were desperately defending Stalingrad on the Volga River, the Americans and Australians were almost equally desperately striving to keep the Japs from Port Moresby on New Guinea, almost within sight of the Australian mainland. The Germans and Italians under Rommel in Africa were less than a hundred miles from Alexandria, and it was believed that the "Desert Fox" would not only take that strategic British naval base, but would drive on to Suez. In China the Nips were pushing back the gallant Chinese land forces, which had been denied the precious supplies from India through the closing of the Burma Road, while General Chenault's airmen, vastly outnumbered, could only whittle away at the enemy's vast air arm. In the Aleutians also Tokyo's forces had intrenched themselves and were preparing blows against Dutch Harbor and other Alaskan strong points. And the submarine war in the Atlantic was definitely going against us.

Only in the Solomons did there appear to be a ray of light. There the U. S. Marines had in August established a bridgehead that included Henderson Airfield, but the Japs were giving them an unmmerciful strafing by day and by night, and the situation appeared to be in the balance.

What a difference has been wrought in the past twelve months! The Russians have freed a substantial part of the Ukraine and their hammer blows are sending the Nazis reeling back all along the battle-front from Leningrad southward. The Japs are on the defensive in the islands north of Australia, where Allied sea, land and air forces have unquestioned superiority. All of Africa is in our hands, and with air bases on the Italian peninsula in our hands we shall be bombing every section of Germany. The Chinese situation has improved measurably. The Aleutians are again 100 percent American. The battle of the Atlantic is being won by the British and the Americans.

Everywhere the initiative has been seized by the anti-Axis forces.

Where and when further invasion of the continent would come, whether it would be launched at two or three points along one coast or at eight or nine points on two or three coasts was a military secret the Nazis had no hope of learning before the actual blows fell. Meanwhile the softening-up of Germany through aerial bombardment had become almost a 'round-the-clock performance.

How close to victory? Not a man living knows. Probably we shall see heavy casualties among our soldiers, sailors and Marines in the next few months while beach-heads are being established and our forces go forward to take territory under the umbrella of our

fighters and bombers. The Roosevelt-Churchill Quebec conference mapped the plans for attack, and we may be certain that every precaution will be taken, consistent with gaining the objectives, to keep our casualties down. Once the pincers movement starts operating, of Russia at the eastern end and Britain, the United States and other forces elsewhere on the continent, the unconditional surrender of the Germans should be a matter of months. It will then be "On to Tokyo!" for the final clean-up.

We have scotched the Axis snake. We shall kill it.

No Trials for These

WE HAVE seen in an American magazine an article by former President Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, onetime Ambassador to Belgium, titled *History's Greatest Murder Trial*, and dealing with the treatment of Axis war leaders once victory has been achieved. Illustrating the article is a drawing of a somber Hitler facing three men dressed in judges' robes. The article itself says: ". . . It would be preferable if all these war criminals could be arrested and tried by proper courts . . ." and goes on:

"The United Nations should agree upon a panel of judges of the highest possible type to sit in such cases, the judges to be assigned to individual trials by a steering committee. This would invest the tribunal with the dignity of sitting on behalf of the whole civilized world. Prosecutors who are to appear before the courts on behalf of the United Nations should also be designated before the end of the war."

That sort of procedure, we submit, is all right for the Axis underlings. But in the cases of Hitler, Goering, Hess, Goebbels and Himmler, to name a very few leaders of one Axis nation, the idea of a court trial is utterly repugnant to us. In the July issue of this magazine we quoted with approval the plan for dealing with these beasts advanced by Charles Warren, distinguished American historian and lawyer. The known criminals, said Mr. Warren, should be named in the formal document setting forth the terms of capitulation, and this paper "should by its own terms adjudge them guilty and determine their punishment, without the need of further proof or trial; and the surrender of the persons of the guilty should become the condition to the signing of any armistice or treaty."

The United Nations know the names of those who constitute the inner circle of power in both Germany and Japan. At the proper time those names will no doubt be made known to whoever the leaders of those nations may be when they are preparing to throw in the sponge. "We've got a little list; they'll none of 'em be missed!" as the Lord High Executioner sings in Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*. Doubtless the Jap leaders will by that time have committed hari-kiri, and if the German criminals in question don't take a like course their own peoples will try to tear them to pieces. Once survivors of this murderous group are in the custody of the United Nations there should be no more delay. Just hang 'em or shoot 'em.

If you're wondering...



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